VOGUE

75¢
OCT. 1

BEAUTY AND YOU

THE NOW IDEA... GREAT FACES... GREAT FASHION

NEVER-BEFORE EXCITEMENT

TENSION AND YOUR SKIN

FACTS FROM A FAMOUS DOCTOR

"THE SEASON OF THE WITCH"

BY RICHARD GOLDSTEIN



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Ralph William Williams

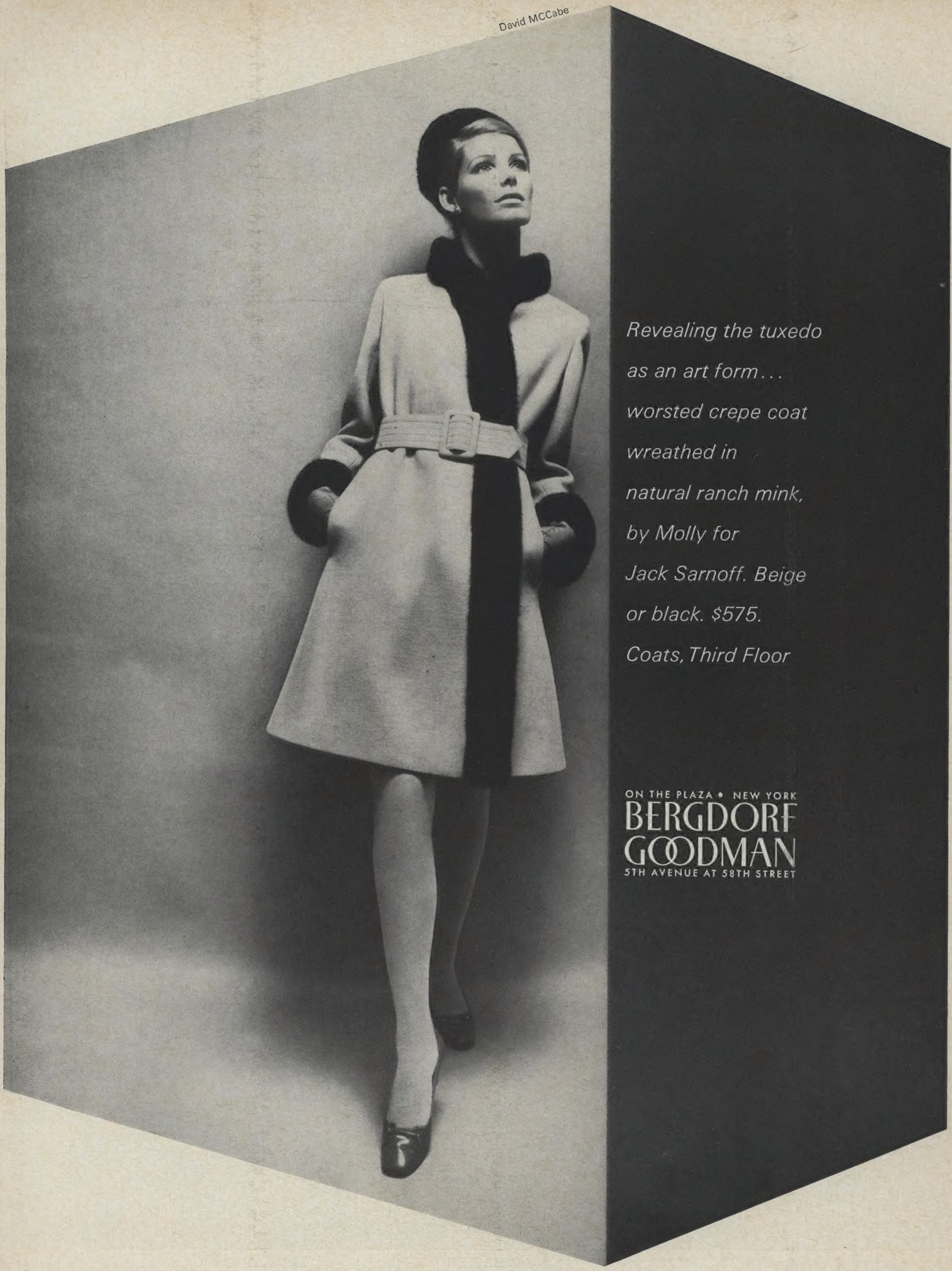
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Beautiful Hair

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wreathed in
natural ranch mink,
by Molly for
Jack Sarnoff. Beige
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Coats, Third Floor
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OCTOBER 1, 1968

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND

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DE ROSNAY

COVER: One exciting way to dazzle like a beauty—a golden shirt with wide sleeves and a drawstring that brings the collar close to a pretty throat. . . . The great beauty excitement: skin gleamy with shimmered Moisture Blend Liquid Foundation; here in Dark, one of three shades, and glowed with Whip Creme Rouge. On the mouth, a creamy slice of Peach, Moisture Blend Lipstick . . . this trio from Polly Bergen. Sarff-Zumpano shirt of acetate, nylon, and Mylar (Kaplan fabric). Castlecliff earrings and Jack Gilbert beads. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Shirt, also at L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Smaller beads: Bergère. Ara Gallant coiffure with Abbott Tresses hairpieces.

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(The perfume with a language all its own.)



Parfums Raphael • Paris • New York



Geoffrey Beene 1968


VERY Saks Fifth Avenue
Provocative in a subtle way. The essence of our very own Sophie. Eggshell peau de soie with just a glimmer of beading. $895.

SAGA MINK

...natural elegance from Denmark Finland Norway Sweden



Ben Kahn

NEW YORK 10001

CREED TORONTO



Photograph by SYD CRAIKER

NORMAN NORELL

NEW 'ULTIMA' II TRANSLUCENT

WRINKLE

If this whole under-30 thing has dented
It's the first of its kind. Translucent. So clear it leaves
And it's concentrated. So its oils are staggeringly rich.
dryness can cause. Its name is Translucent



your ego, you should try this cream.
nothing on your skin but a clean, young shine.
Rich enough to tackle the toughest problems
Wrinkle Creme. Need we say more?

'Ultima' II. First collection of Skin-Care Concentrates.
Created by Revlon for the woman of elegance.

Jacobson's

Michigan



The splendor of Malcolm Starr–shimmering bead-latticing above a flow of canary yellow silk chiffon. 325.00

There will be a number of unsuccessful attempts to copy this coat.



The Originala.

512 SEVENTH AVE.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE HUTZLER FAMILY SINCE 1858



Show flurry: Q.M.B's blizzard of white-dyed Kalgan lamb, perm-curly, bordered by oodles of shaggy Mongolian lamb, $500

fur products labeled to show country of origin of imported furs

WHEN BALTIMORE THINKS OF FASHION IT THINKS OF

HUTZLER'S

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND 21201

up up and away TWA



SAN FRANCISCO

where little

cable cars

climb halfway

to the stars...

Discover its magic

via TWA

StarStream jets

and lose your heart

in enchanting

black lace

designed by

COOPER COUTURE

$185 at

Bramson

Chicago and suburbs



'Ultima' II

creates The Look of

East-Indian Summer

It's you, facing East with fashion.
It's your skin, softly-tawnied in new see-through makeup tints.
It's your lips, glistening with lightened, tawnied tones of red.
It's your attitude, newly-femaled, softened, sultried.

Behind it all: 'Ultima' II Transparent Tints. For face. For lips. For eyes. For now. The new Fall additions to the makeup-you-can-see-through are two new *Transparent Face Tints:* Tawny Peach, for a warm, sun-riched glow. Tawny Pink, for a deeper (but still *subtle*), rosied glow. Three new *Transparent Lip Tints:* CutCrystal Red, a mellowed all-red red. Crystal Melon, a chutneyed red. AmberGlass, an enriched russet. And *Transparent Eye Tints* in soft sari-eyed colors to put the whole look into beautiful focus.

'Ultima' II

The first Collection of 'Couture Cosmetics'. Created by Revlon for the woman of elegance.

Goldworm



Pure wool knit banded with golden braid. About $90 (slightly higher west of the Rockies). GOLDWORM, 1410 Broadway, New York



Just Plain Good Upbringing.

Jet Black Mink By Sam Ross.

A new natural purebred phenomenon from the Great Lakes Mink Association, producer of premium natural dark ranch mink.

SAM ROSS INC.
131 EAST 30TH ST NYC

Evyan

White Shoulders



A Halo of Loveliness

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A masterpiece from the master craftsmen

Cadillac Motor Car Division

Beautifully new, distinctively Cadillac.

Cadillac craftsmen are accustomed to building the finest of motor cars, but even they have never built one like this before!

A single glance at this automotive masterpiece reveals striking new poise and beauty. There is a newly contoured "control center" instrument panel and a unique Dual Comfort front seat, available on most models, that permits separate driver and passenger seat adjustment. And the list of Cadillac conveniences is even more remarkable.

An improved 472 V-8 engine makes Cadillac performance truly exciting. Mechanical refinements for 1969 include front disc brakes on all models and an exclusive new "closed" engine cooling system. An improved Climate Control air conditioning system is available.

There are eleven different models, each crafted in the Cadillac tradition of excellence, each truly a masterpiece from the master craftsmen of cars. See your authorized Cadillac dealer and drive a 1969 Cadillac soon.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE





Revlon launches the lipstick to wear to the moon.

This is the lipstick of tomorrow. Translucent. (Just this side of see-through.) Absolutely swimming in shine. Like ripe young skin caught soaking wet. No cakey, coated look. No 'lipsticky' feel.

Is it lipstick? Yes and no. It's Demi Lipstick. Just the supplest slither of translucent color. For the fresh, free 'unmake-up-y' mouth that calls the fashion shots now. (It's Revlon's way of making sure there's life on the moon.)

10 colors: Sugarcube / Coral Beads / Scarlet O. / Red Patent / Sandpebble / Naval Orange / Peachpot / Pink Suede / Little Shrimp / Pink Paisley.



new 'Moon Drops' Demi Lipstick

invented by Revlon

MOON DROPS!

REVLON



For the healthy hedonist

Borghese Bodypride. This woman-loving, body-pampering collection is for you if you're free enough to enjoy it. If you're liberated enough. If you're ready to take skin care all the way to there. From your torso down to your toes. Borghese Body Treatment Night Cream is a prelude to sleeping in the nude—or feeling like you are. It cherishes the tender skin of the torso. Makes percale feel like a bed of silk. Borghese Leg Conditioning and Toning Lotion is a liquid length of satin. It's a total beauty treatment for fashion's most exposed, imposed-upon extremities. An alabaster lubricant, Borghese Foot Treatment Cream spoils you forever! Borghese's Bodypride Collection makes you feel more of a woman. Deliciously female. As will everything sealed with the Princess Marcella Borghese crest.

BORGHESE

INTRODUCING NEW

TANGIER

TANGIER . . . intriguing . . . enchanting . . . ever ageless.
Like a woman, mysterious and haunting. An exotic setting for an intimate little dinner. . . at home with either the old world or the contemporary. In a richly encrusted Mediterranean rose motif . . . in Community® Silverplate by Oneida . . . made to last your lifetime. Services for eight from $100.



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Tangier* Condiment Service
$7.95 at your local retail
jewelry or department store

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Virginia Thoren-Rice

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WANTS CHANEL Nº 5...



CHANEL

Spray Cologne 6.00, Spray Perfume 6.00, Perfume in the Classic Bottle from 8.50, Bath Powder 5.00, Eau de Cologne from 3.50.

© 1968 Chanel, Inc. 1 West 57th Street, New York

May we take a minute to try to talk you out of buying another mink coat?

A mink coat is glorious. And we're at a loss to see how a girl can get by without at least one.

But we'd like to suggest that mink is not the beginning and the end of fur. That this time around, you might consider a coat as distinctive as your fingerprint. A coat from the world of spots. Leopard spots. Ocelot spots. Cheetah spots. Because no two kinds of spotted fur look alike.

Ocelot is blue-grey if it comes from Mexico (you really shouldn't give it a second glance if it comes from anywhere else). It's nearly weightless. And if it has a peer where drama is concerned, we can't name it.

Somali cheetah demands its own sort of treatment. Its spots are dots, and it can go anywhere a clever designer's imagination can take it.

The fur we're fondest of is leopard. Again, from Somaliland. Not anywhere in Somaliland, mind you, but the one part that has the fewest trees and the most sunshine to polish up the pelts.

Now, have we piqued your interest—enough to leave your mink in the closet one night a week?

Neustadter Furs
333 Seventh Avenue, N.Y. 10001

Center: Somali leopard trimmed in Natural Russian Crown Sable. Designed by **JAMES GALANOS.**



It's an instant age you're living in,
but your face should never show it.

Now you can give your skin the thorough cleansing
it demands with the FRESH WATER TREATMENTS,

and the thorough care it deserves with
the FAST-ACTING TREATMENTS.

Estée Lauder designed both collections
to give your skin hours of beauty benefits
in just a matter of minutes.
How did you ever live without them?

Estée Lauder

Photography: Skrebneski © 1968 Estée Lauder



FRESH WATER TREATMENTS

Gentle Facial Shampoo

a refreshing green gel that gently but thoroughly cleanses every skin type.

Almond Meal Scrub Soap

a sea-green soap with grainy texture that lifts away impurities, leaves skin silky smooth and clean.

Almond Clay Pack

a deep-cleansing facial mask that helps purge skin of impurities, revives the bloom of good health.

Facial Milk Rinse

a milky after-rinse that restores the skin's natural balance, leaving it soft and dewy, totally refreshed.

Non-Oily Under-Makeup Creme

helps skin retain water moisture; forms a velvety cushion for makeup to keep it smooth and matte.

Estée Lauder



FAST-ACTING TREATMENTS

Dry Dry Skin Creme

a super concentration of moisture that beauty treats skin day and night.

Dry Dry Skin Astringent

a non-astringent astringent that tones and cleanses skin without drying.

Whipped Cleansing Creme

specially formulated to penetrate deeply, cleanse thoroughly, leaving no oily trace.

All Day Throat Creme

a weightless creme that seals moisture in, dryness out, under-makeup or at night.

All Day Eye Creme

a blend of lubricants that gives intensive care to this delicate area 24 hours a day.

Wrinkle Stick

glides invisibly over makeup to help soften expression lines. Lipstick-slim for convenient applications.

Estée Lauder



Stride through winter
in Fouke-dyed black Alaska
fur seal. Infinitely chic.

JEWELRY: K. J. L. BOOTS: LEVINE PHOTO: FILIBERTO FERRONI

THE FOUKE SEAL MARK OF FASHION

MONTALDO'S

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Qiana* A Revolutionary new nylon fibre of the future from DuPont. Sumptuous. Soft. Elegant. Here today by Yves Saint Laurent. The rage of Paris with his stunning Pants Philosophy. At Sakowitz. Where the two are presented for the first time in America at the **Festival of the Future**, September 29 through October 13. Qiana. Yves Saint Laurent. Sakowitz. Innovators all. A great new Fashion Alliance.

*Du Pont Trademark

SAKOWITZ
HOUSTON



Current event.

The newsmakers: Carmen®
Instant Hairsetters.
The source: Clairol.
Rave reports: 5 minutes—
roll-up to comb-out.

Now you can escape the curler trap and still have a beautiful hairdo.

How to do it? A new Carmen Instant Hairsetter.

Plug it into any handy outlet: at home, at work, at school. Set dry hair with comfortable pre-warmed rollers.

No Wetting. No Waiting.

No more sleeping on curlers. It's almost like taking your favorite hairdresser wherever you go.



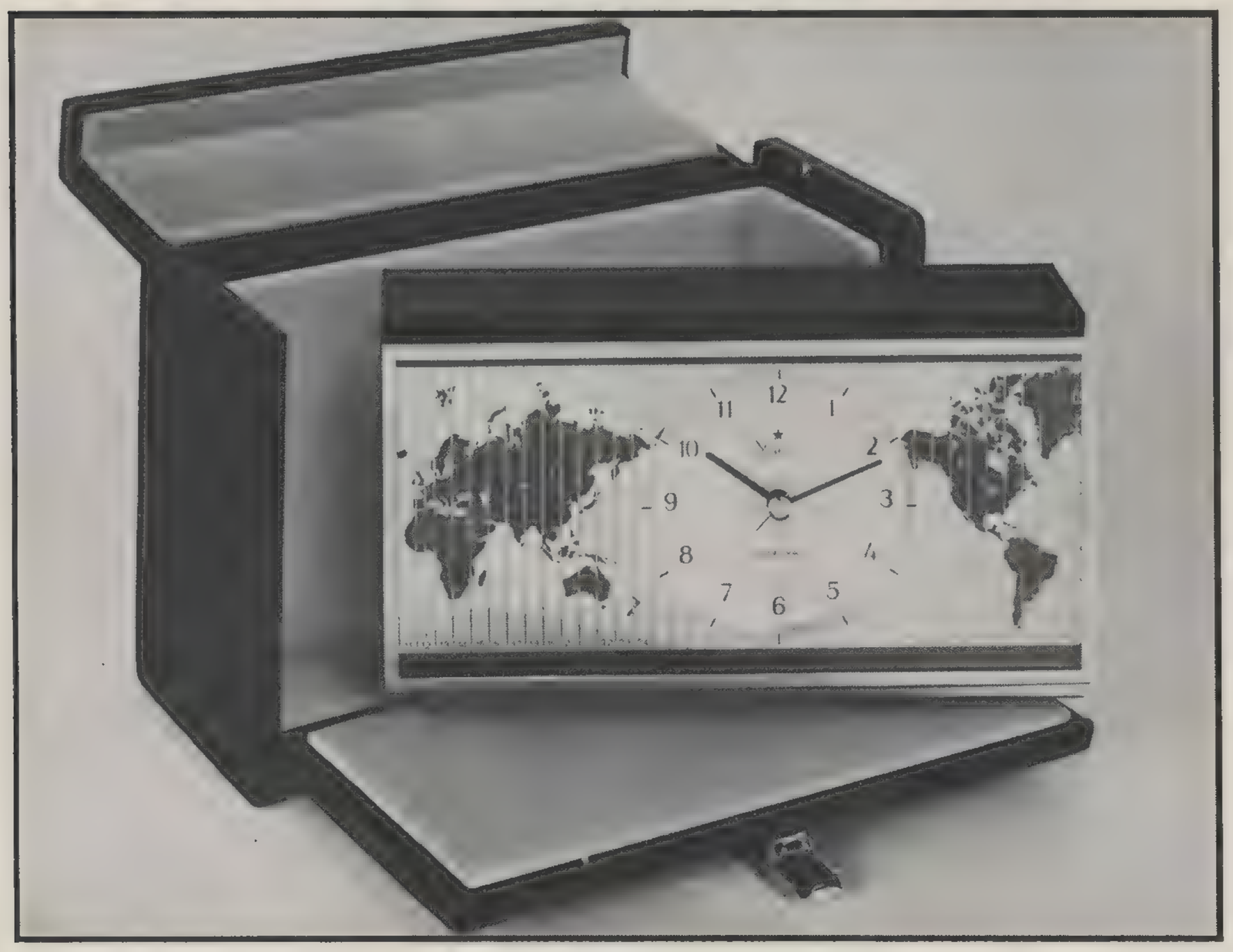
New Carmen "17":
4 Jumbo rollers, 9 Large, 4 small.
Enough for any hairstyle. $30.00

New Carmen "7":
4 large rollers, 1 Jumbo, 2 small.
Great going-away gift. $18.50

Also other models. At cosmetic counters of leading department stores. Listed by Underwriters Laboratories, Inc.

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a new kind of time machine



The Sakowitz Festival of the Future presents for the first time the new SHEFFIELD ELECTRONIC CLOCK. Based on the principle of the quartz crystal, the Sheffield Electronic Clock guarantees accuracy to within one-tenth of a second per day. See this remarkable engineering innovation alongside dozens of other great achievements of industry and ingenuity making their debut at the Sakowitz Festival of the Future. Also to be seen, other exhibits too remote for today but a certainty for the future. All on view at Sakowitz in Houston from September 29 through October 13.

SAKOWITZ
HOUSTON



Kinetic lighting by Pattullo-Jo Copeland . . . silver-white brocade has the deep plunge and back diamanté-chained with rhinestones.

Photographed at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, Washington, D. C.

JULIUS GARFINCKEL & CO.

IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL

Skin Dew® Emulsion: you'll see the difference it makes the very first time you wear it under makeup.

On the morning Madame Rubinstein swept through the gold doors of the beauty class at her New York Salon with a small, pink frosted bottle in her hand, she looked as exhilarated as a young girl.

"Good morning ladies," she said, holding the bottle high. "I introduce you to something fantastic. My Skin Dew Moisturizing Emulsion. You are the first women in this country to see it. And from now on, you must never put on your makeup without it."

Today, of course, most women use Skin Dew Emulsion under their makeup as routinely as they put on lipstick. The reason for it is simple. Makeup goes on better. Looks better. And makes you look better.

If you haven't thought of using Skin Dew in just this way, let us tell you how it works. When you smooth it on (about a teaspoonful is enough) several good things happen. First of all, a light invisible film of lubricants gently coats your skin. So that makeup slips on smoothly and evenly. And has a softer, finer, lighter look. You need



Polaroid portrait by Marie Cosindas commissioned by Helena Rubinstein Inc. 1968. Dress by Donald Brooks. ©1968 Helena Rubinstein, Inc.

even less makeup than you did before. And it doesn't wear off as quickly.

Secondly, this delicate undercoat takes care of more than just your makeup. Its rich emollients help protect skin from the elements. And the years. (One of the secrets of Skin Dew is that it contains a milk-culture derivative called "ferments lactiques" which may not mean a thing to you but means the world to your skin.)

But Skin Dew isn't content just to pretty you and protect you. It also moisturizes deeply. Skin Dew's special moisturizing ingredients help put back the moisture living takes away. So your skin stays fresh and radiant. Dewier, if you will.



You can see that Skin Dew Emulsion is full of beautiful surprises. So are all the other replenishing preparations in the Skin Dew collection: Freshener & Toner, Cleanser Concentrate, Moisture Cream and Eye Cream.

But the best surprise of all is what you'll see the very first time you wear Skin Dew.

Helena Rubinstein

Spa in a Jar.

The resort life revisited: new Sulphur Bath Foam. Turns your tub into a bubbly, tranquilizing mineral bath. Duplicates the relaxing, revitalizing sulphur content of a natural hot spring spa. (And foams away dryness!) Indulge. Take the naked plunge.

'Moon Drops' Sulphur Bath Foam invented by Revlon

Broken Nail?

Don't file it away. Fix it. With new Miracle 'Nail Mender', a special adhesive liquid, with its own porous mending tissues. Mends nicks, breaks, splits. Lasts through the grow-out. And won't show. Even under sheer nail enamel. Now, when one nail goes, all is not lost. (A patch in time saves nine.)

New Miracle 'Nail Mender' invented by Revlon

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

The Spanish slant—now it's Diagonal

In fashion and the kind of living known as gracious, the Spanish slant is a straight line between sophistication and elegance—cool, poised, subtle every inch of the way. Pertegaz, who unswervingly walks this line as he designs for some of the world's *más distinguidas*, has put the very essence of Spanish chic into Diagonal, his first perfume. To those who've visited the Pertegaz establishment in Barcelona, Diagonal will evoke almost touchable memories of the central *calle* for which it's named. To those who haven't, a sniff will explain what Spain is all about. A floral fragrance, rich in Catalonian sun-drenched roses, it is at once aloof and alluring; and the woman who wears it becomes—for a time—more than just a little bit Spanish. . . . Saks Fifth Avenue.

Thinking eastward, angel?

Some try bonsai. For others, wearing a kimono and/or studying Sanskrit is the response to the strong waves of Oriental influence that periodically lap the shores of the West. In some, Eastern inspiration produces truly notable effects. So it was with the brothers Guerlain, Western romantics who, intrigued by an ancient Indian legend, created a scent to commemorate the love that flourished in the gardens of Shalimar. That perfume, that eau de romance, is now a legend in its own right. The new chapter is the presentation of Shalimar eau de toilette in a porcelain-like spray container, Delft blue on white in a Persian-leafy pattern. A joy to behold; and a great way for the twain to meet. . . .

Fragrance fiddler?

Inconstant wench about perfume? Impetuous switcher of fragrances? This is for you: an atomizer with no known fragrance preferences, awaiting your funnel or eyedropper to fill it, re-fill it, with whatever is currently captivating your fragrance whimsey. Step (named for the Society of Technical Pulverization, mind you) comes in some fifty versions, gives off a fine, metred, pulverized spray of whatever you put in it. Efficiency is one of its virtues. So is economy. So is the two-year guarantee. Therefore: one fickle in her perfume moods, finicky about her perfume dollar, might quickly take this Step. "It's so accommodating," said one joker, "about getting your scent's worth." And that's, if you figure it at $40 the ounce, a joke we might all take seriously. . . . (More Ready Beauty, page 76.)



from the
SEA DREAM
COLLECTION
by *maidenform**

SHAPE-MATES . . . soft willowy things to wear under closer to the body clothes.

For instance, a bra touched with fiberfill, shown with matching brief. Or an easy stretch bra contoured with fiberfill. With it, a long-leg girdle in Lycra® tricot. Here in pink and pearl beige. Available in other pastels, plus black and white. All with color-matched lingerie.

Bras $5.00, Brief $5.00, Long leg $7.00. Also regular pantie, $6.50. †Power Net: nylon, "Lycra" spandex (exclusive of decoration).

*Reg, U. S. Pat. Off., © 1968 by Maidenform, Inc., makers of bras, girdles, lingerie.

Shape-mates® from the Sea Dream®Collection by Maidenform at selected stores.



This is today's hottest look for nails.

1. The look is new.
All new. A knockout.
You have never seen
anything like it.
(There has never been
anything like it.)

2. A whole new kind of frosting.
Iridescent. Does fascinating
'rainbow-y' things to color.
Makes pink, for instance,
reflect hints of blue.
Green. Even yellow.

3. These new nailfrosts
are so sheer (almost see-
through) they make all
other frosteds look thick.
Gloppy. Heavy-handed.
(Poor old things.)

The 'Opalescent Nailfrosts.'

Opalite Pink. Opalite Peach. Opalite Beige. Opalite Ice.

Here are 5 reasons (and one picture) why.

4. The colors are the palest.
Pink. Peach. Beige. Ivoried ice.
They are strangely hypnotic.
(Never boring.) Keep changing,
flickering, fluttering.
Like an opal.

5. Enough said.
Do you
get the picture?



Just invented by Revlon.

From the new Crystalline Nail Enamel Collection.

AUTUMN HAZE® EMBA® natural brown mink is the dark jewel of many facets

®EMBA MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION

American mink—world's finest

Virginia Thoren-Rice



JERRY SILVERMAN'S moonshimmer of satin, provocative, saucy . . . lovingly encircled with ostrich feathers. 6-14, 175.00. nordstrom best, seattle, tacoma and portland.

Nordstrom Best



AGILON®

the only pantyhose



(Nothing else can hope to fill its shoes.)

It does away with the wrack and ruin wrought by one little run. (You can replace what ran by a little bit of magic.)

It does away with legs that slip and tops that squeeze and unsightly wrinkles about your knees.

And it does away with one thing more.

The thought that something similar could have the same perfection.

There is, after all, only one Pantyhose with "Refills."™

And some of you may never wear anything else again.

Round-the-Clock®

This perfect pantyhose, with a nylon and Lycra® spandex lace panty and one pair of sheer Agilon® "Refills,"™ $10.00. Black panty/jungle black legs, bone/bone, turquoise/turquoise, beige/nude, white/tango. Agilon® sheer or opaque "Refills,"™ $2.25 the pair. Round-the-Clock, 5400 Empire State Building, New York 10001. U.S. Industries, Inc., National Mills Division. For stores that carry Pantyhose with "Refills,"™ see page 44

You'll find
Round-the-Clock
the centre of attention at
these fine stores
and their branches:

Akron, Ohio, M. O'Neil Company
Albany, N.Y., Muhlfelder's; Macy's
Allentown, Pa., Hess
Atlanta, Ga., Davison-Paxon
Bakersfield, Cal., The Broadway;
Baltimore, Md., Hutzlers; Stewart's
Beaumont, Texas, The White House
Bedford, N. H., Filene's
Berkeley, Cal., J. F. Hink & Son
Birmingham, Ala., Burger-Philips
Boston, Mass., Filene's; Jordan Marsh Company
Boulder, Colo., Neusteter's
Bridgeport, Conn., D. M. Read, Inc.
Brooklyn, N.Y., Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N.Y., Adam, Meldrum & Anderson;
Wm. Hengerer Co.
Canton, Ohio, M. O'Neil Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn., Loveman's
Chicago, Ill., Carson Pirie Scott & Co.;
Marshall Field & Company
Cincinnati, Ohio, McAlpins; Pogue's; Shillito's
Cleveland, Ohio, The Higbee Company; The May Co.
Clifton, N.J., Levy Brothers
Columbus, Ohio, Lazarus
Dallas, Texas, Sanger Harris
Danville, Ill., Meis Brothers
Davenport, Iowa, M. L. Parker Co.
Dayton, Ohio, Elder-Beerman Co.; Rike-Kumler Co.
Decatur, Ill., Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Denver, Colo., The Denver; Neusteter's
Des Moines, Iowa, Younkers
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson Co.
Elizabeth, N.J., Levy Brothers
El Paso, Texas, Popular Dry Goods
Erie, Pa., Boston Store
Evansville, Ind., DeJong's
Eugene, Ore., Bon Marche Russells
Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Jordan Marsh
Fort Wayne, Ind., C. & H. Shoe Co.; L. S. Ayres & Co.
Fort Worth, Texas, Monnig's
Grand Rapids, Mich., Herpolsheimer's
Harrisburg, Pa., Bowman's
Hartford, Conn., G. Fox & Co.; Sage Allen
Houston, Texas, Foley's
Indianapolis, Ind., L. S. Ayres & Co.;
Wm. H. Block Co.; H. P. Wasson & Co.
Jackson, Miss., Kennington's
Jacksonville, Fla., May Cohen's
Kansas City, Mo., Macy's
Knoxville, Tenn., Miller's Inc.
Las Vegas, Nev., The Broadway
Lexington, Ky., The Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Lincoln, Neb., Gold's; Miller & Paine
Little Rock, Ark., The M. M. Cohn Co.;
Long Beach, Cal., The Broadway; Buffums
Long Island, N.Y., Gertz
Los Angeles, Cal., The Broadway; J. W. Robinson
Louisville, Ky., Kaufman-Straus;
The Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Marion, Ind., C. & H. Shoe Co.
Memphis, Tenn., Goldsmith's
Miami, Fla., Jordan Marsh
Milwaukee, Wis., Boston Store;
T. A. Chapman Co.; Gimbel-Schuster's
Minneapolis, Minn., Dayton Co.;
Donaldson's; Power's Dry Goods
Nashville, Tenn., Harvey's
Newark, N.J., Bamberger's New Jersey
New Bedford, Mass., New Bedford Dry Goods
New Haven, Conn., Macy's; Edward Malley Co.
New Orleans, La., Godchaux; Maison Blanche
New York City, Arnold Constable;
Bloomingdale's; Franklin Simon & Co.;
Gimbels; Macy's; Stern's
Norfolk, Va., Rice's
Oakland, Cal., H. C. Capwell & Co.
Oklahoma City, Okla., John A. Brown Co.; Jerome's
Omaha, Neb., Kilpatrick's; J. L. Brandeis
Orlando, Fla., Jordan Marsh
Pasadena, Cal., The Broadway; Robinson's
Peoria, Ill., Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa., The Blum Store; Bonwit
Teller; Gimbels; Strawbridge & Clothier;
John Wanamaker
Phoenix, Ariz., Diamond's; The Broadway
Pittsburgh, Pa., Gimbels; Kaufmann's
Portland, Me., Porteous Mitchell & Braun
Portland, Ore., Lipman-Wolfe; Meier & Frank
Providence, R. I., The Shepard Company
Quincy, Ill., N. Heintz & Sons; Hurley Shoe Co.
Richmond, Va., Thalhimers
Rochester, N.Y., B. Forman Co.; Sibley's
Rockford, Ill., Chas. Weise
Sacramento, Cal., Macy's; Weinstock's; Ransohoff's
Santa Barbara, Cal., Robinson's; The Broadway
St. Louis, Mo., Famous Barr;
Stix, Baer & Fuller; Vandervoorts
Salem, Ore., Lipman-Wolfe; Meier & Frank
Salt Lake City, Utah, Z.C.M.I.
San Antonio, Texas, Joske's of Texas
San Diego, Cal., The Broadway
San Francisco, Cal., Emporium;
Macy's; Ransohoff's, Inc.
San Jose, Cal., Hart's
Savannah, Ga., Levy's
Schenectady, N.Y., Carl Company
Scranton, Pa., Scranton Dry Goods
Sioux City, Iowa, Younker-Davidson
Southern Cal., Bullock's
Spokane, Wash., Bon Marche
Springfield, Mass., Forbes & Wallace
Springfield, Ohio, Ed Wren Store
Stockton, Cal., Brown-Mahin, Inc.; Macy's
Syracuse, N.Y., Dey Brothers & Co.
Tampa, Fla., Maas Bros.
Terre Haute, Ind., Roots D. G. Co.
Toledo, Ohio, The Lion Store
Torrance, Cal., Bullock's Del Amo
Trenton, N. J., S. P. Dunham & Co.
Tulsa, Okla., Brown-Dunkin Co.
Washington, D.C., Hecht Co.;
Woodward & Lothrop
Wauwatosa, Wis., Marshall Field & Co.
Worcester, Mass., Filene's
Youngstown, Ohio, G. M. McKelvey Co.

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

October 1

The happy waters

Aside from all its other marvels, Italy is a land of many and marvellous waters—waters to drink, waters to bathe in; waters that spring from hundreds of sources, cold and hot springs, deep, pure lakes, clear mountain torrents, each one known and appreciated for its particular taste or health-giving properties. . . . Many of the famous Fountains of Rome were built to honour the particular sources of Rome's water supply, and these waters still crash through them, fresh and pure, with the brightness and sound of splintering crystal. From the Fontana dell'Acqua Felice pours the "happy water" still brought twenty-two miles by ancient Roman aqueduct from Colonna in the Alban Hills; from the Fontana di Trevi, the cold spring water of the Acqua Vergine, first brought to Rome in 19 B.C. by Agrippa—and still flowing through his twelve-mile aqueduct—falls in silvery cascades at the rate of seventeen million gallons a day. . . . Each neighbourhood in Rome, and each region in Italy, thinks its water is the best, the purest, the most healthful; visitors are apt to find them all delicious. Many are bottled—some still, some sparkling, some in-between with just a fillip of sparkle; Italians themselves prefer the still, un-bubbly ones. Two of the most famous are Fiuggi and San Pellegrino; neither has any particular "taste"—of minerals or anything else—but both have a gloriously mouth-filling, thirst-quenching quality. (One American woman reports, rhapsodically, "They have a sort of 'body'—and they just taste awfully *good*.") Italians are such connoisseurs of water that pediatricians often recommend one particular water, called Sangemine, especially for children. . . . In the U.S., with its sad history of polluted water sources—resulting in evil-tasting, heavily-chlorinated drinking water—more and more people are drinking pure bottled spring water, using it as a mixer, even washing their faces in it. Two of the best and most available refreshers are Mountain Valley Water—from Hot Springs, Arkansas—and Branch Water, whose source is the 5,000-foot-deep Cold Indian Spring in Monmouth County, New Jersey. (Within 50 miles of New York City, Altman's delivers Branch Water by the case, in gallon or half-gallon jugs—labelled especially for you, if you like.)

Quick! the smelling salts . . .

"'Rub her hands, rub her temples; here are salts,—take them, take them.' . . . Louisa was raised up and supported more firmly between them, and every thing was done that Anne had prompted. . . ." This—from Jane Austen's *Persuasion*—is one of many literary crises in which smelling salts come to the rescue of a swooning heroine. . . . And in case you think that smelling salts went out with the vapours, we bring reviving news: they live—and in places that might surprise you. Automobile glove compartments, for one. Men's coat pockets. And tucked—as always—into ladies' handbags. Because growing numbers of people have found that a whiff of smelling salts is a powerful antidote to drowsiness—on a long drive, in an after-lunch meeting, or sitting through a draggy second act in a stuffy theatre. Also great for airplane qualms, and almost any other kind of sinking spell—like a sudden breath of fresh, cold air, only more so. The medical explanation is simple: faintness, from whatever cause, makes the blood pressure drop, the heartbeat slow down. Smelling salts contain aromatic ammonia, which constricts the veins, forces blood to the heart, and drives up the blood pressure, all in less time than it takes to tell about it. . . . Yardley s of London, which probably provided the smelling salts for Victorian reticules, has never stopped making them. Theirs, agreeably scented with lavender, ready for action, at most good drugstores. (More Checkout, page 70.)

BLENDED IN U.S./© 1968 HOUBIGANT INC. / DRESS: GEOFFERY BEENE

There is enough Chantilly
in this bottle
to shake your world.



Essence de Chantilly
by Houbigant.

Now you will have something in common with 7 Princesses, 8 Countesses, 2 Duchesses, and Beautiful People the world over.

Eve of Roma cosmetics are now here in America.



She is a tiny woman with a charming smile and a throaty, catchy laugh. She speaks five languages, switching from one to another with casual fluency.

She loves good food and music and paintings and people; she is on a first-name basis with many of the world's most beautiful women. (In the picture at left, she is shown with her good friend and client, Princess Luciana Pignatelli.)

International film stars, opera stars, Roman socialites—they all know the address of her salon by heart. And when America's most famous beauties visit Rome, they too head for 116 Via Veneto as soon as they've unpacked.

She is an international phenomenon. She is Eve of Roma.

"As a child, I had an Ugly Complex because my sister was so beautiful. And then I made up my mind that I would be beautiful, too.

"I felt drab, so I studied color, and learned to paint. (Today, she probably knows more about the nuances of color and how to turn them into wonderful cosmetics than any other living woman.)

"I soon learned that all beauty begins with the skin, so I studied *that*. (Her skin-care preparations are different from any you have ever used. They do not *smother* the skin; they *hydrate* it.)

"And then came my salon in Roma and my salon in Cortina. And, now, I am coming to America—how exciting!"

And how exciting for *you* when you first discover Eve of Roma products. The lotions and emulsions—much more delicate than any you have used. The marvelous masques. The cosmetics—most of them inspired by the soft, luminous colors of Rome.

Where will you find Eve of Roma products? Only in the best stores, such as Lord & Taylor, Marshall Field, and Rich's.



Imported from Italy
116 Via Veneto, Roma



Calèche.
If this fragrance were a painting, who would have painted it?

Not Gauguin.
His would be too sultry with jasmine.
Not Ingres.
Too heavy with patchouli and musk.
Botticelli, perhaps,
if his Springtime were a French spring,
with a little of Monet's softened sunlight
dappled in.

If it were a city, what city would you think of?

We think it would be Avignon,
with all the fountains plashing.
But you might think of Paris,
if you took just the right patch of Paris,
and set it in the midst of Aix en Provence.

If it were a time of day?

High noon,
frilled with wind, drenched with sunshine,
after a morning when the rain
has washed the whole world clean.

If it were music?

Chamber music, almost certainly,
and almost certainly by Mozart.
And yet, you know those Chopin waltzes?
The ones that catch at your throat
in the midst of whirling?
Or those songs of the Auvergne
that Madeleine Grey used to sing?

If it were a color?

Blue-white-yellow.
Fragile as an iris
reflected in a pond full of sky.

And if it were a woman?

What do you think she'd be like,
from the things we've said already?
If you know,
then you must know her from the inside.
You'll find a little of
yourself in a bottle of Calèche.

Calèche *by* **Hermès** */Paris*

Women who think of perfume as a weapon
will undoubtedly prefer something else.

Introducing a new concept in lingerie....

If you've ever worn a Bali bra or girdle, you know something about the Bali concept. You know that, except for you, no one cares more about your body than Bali. Bali's quality, beautiful styling and emphasis on fit have told you that.

And now the same kind of care and perfection go into making Bali lingerie.

Try on a Bali slip and you'll feel the difference. You'll feel the smooth, elegant simplicity of a taffeta or satin. And the luxurious softness of a chiffon or crepe.

You'll see the difference, too. In delicate imported lace. Hand embroidered detail. Meticulous construction. And all the styles and colors imaginable.

Before now, you couldn't find so many good things in a slip, unless you had one custom made. But that was before Bali decided to make lingerie. Doesn't your body deserve Bali?

Bali



The Bali Company, Inc., 16 East 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016



...Bali.

Max Factor goes beyond the pales and...

The California Bold



The un-meek cheek: bold blushed and sassy. A new kind of living color you slick on with a stick. Glowy. Dewy-moist. A-pulse with prettiness. A cunning sort of see-through blush that looks un-faked on your skin. Looks for all the world like you're blushing from within. It's the revved-up, romantic, right-now face for fashion.

So go ahead. Come to where the blooming color is. Wear a California Bold Blush and bring your beauty back alive.

The new blush with adventure...
in three clear and three frosted shades.

New UltraLucent Blusher Sticks by Max Factor.

Hats and Fashions by Adolfo

Blush is on!



The un-shy smile: Lips a-blush with bold new colors. Pure. Un-clouded. Un-chalky. Brilliantly transparent. They go one step beyond last season's prissy pales ...and top themselves off with a splendid show of shine. And they last. Long after other lipsticks have flickered and fled, these blush on and on.

And, to keep your fingertips a-pace with the bold blush on your face: two new 'almost-shades' of clear, blushing nail color.



Five new blushing shades for lips,
two new transparent tints for fingertips.

New UltraLucent Blush Creme Lipsticks & Nail Color by Max Factor.

© 1968 Max Factor & Co Available in Canada

MARK OF EXCELLENCE
Pontiac Motor Division

The Great Fashion Break Away Starts Here.

With the 1969 Grand Prix. By Pontiac. We must confess, we never thought of our Grand Prix as sharing a fashion story with long-line coachman's jackets and metal-shot chiffon. On the other hand, you really needn't understand the nuts and bolts to know that Grand Prix starts when you want it to, goes where you aim it, and responds at your command. And we certainly won't deny that Grand Prix's



styling is as much a Break Away among automobiles as 7th Avenue's latest is in your pet boutique. G.P. is exceptionally clean-lined. Because we recessed the door handles. Tucked the windshield wipers out of sight. Came up with a hidden radio antenna even your husband won't be able to find. And generally held chrome baubles to a minimum. The interior is completely personal. With every control right at your fingertips. Deeply padded bucket seats are upholstered in plush Morrokide. (Genuine leather is also available, if you care to order it.) Wall-to-wall carpeting, naturally. Options like variable-ratio power steering and Turbo Hydra-matic transmission with the "his and hers" shifter (he shifts, you don't have to.) Simply specify them. All in all, it seems that in designing a car for very masculine men, we also designed a car that very feminine women can appreciate. What won't Pontiac think of first?

The great fashion Break Away starts with the contemporary silhouette—streamlined bodice, a sway of skirt—seen here in silk-and-wool by GEOFFREY BEENE. The great automotive Break Away starts with the dramatic, new 1969 Grand Prix by PONTIAC.

Bullock's
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

New on the evening circuit, the rich lustrous texture of printed cut velvet shaped by GEORGE HALLEY into a short, covered evening dress with full-blown skirt. The sweeping proportions of the 1969 Grand Prix by PONTIAC—with the longest hood on the scene—complete your Break Away motif.

BULLOCK'S WILSHIRE

LOS ANGELES PALM SPRINGS



The Grand Prix of prints as presented by the French Shops—EMILIO PUCCI's gossamer silk jersey in a riot of brilliant pattern and color, racing over a new high-rise silhouette. The long, low-rise silhouette in the background belongs to this year's ultimate Break Away car—the 1969 PONTIAC Grand Prix.

Filene's
BOSTON

The smashing new look of a satin tunic over wide pants for evening—part of the feminine mystique envisioned by JACQUES TIFFEAU. The mystique is climaxed by the bold contrast of PONTIAC'S newest Break Away car—the 1969 Grand Prix.

Bloomingdale's
NEW YORK CITY



DONALD BROOKS hails the triumphant return of the waist with a wide-laced belt encircling a softly tailored crepe dress. PONTIAC hails the return of wide-oval tires—accented here by accessory mag-type wheels which can be ordered to complete your Break Away in a 1969 Grand Prix.

Sanger-Harris
DALLAS



The seraglio influence takes over in CHESTER WEINBERG's short evening dress with jersey bodice and puffed, satin harem skirt. A fashion Break Away to match this year's automotive Break Away—the 1969 Grand Prix by PONTIAC.

shillito's
CINCINNATI



HARVEY BERIN neatly tailors the wool turnout —new longline coachman jacket over a dress that ends in a fling of pleats. PONTIAC's neatly tailored 1969 Grand Prix is the beginning of a fling—your Break Away from humdrum motoring.

Lazarus
ESTABLISHED 1851
COLUMBUS

B. H. WRAGGE prefers the bold dimensions of an oversized wool plaid for a dashaway daytime dress. The massive headlamp configuration of the 1969 Grand Prix—this year's Break Away car—suggests that bold dimensions are preferred by PONTIAC as well.

BURDINE'S
MIAMI



ELINOR SIMMONS of MALCOLM STARR chooses dramatic texture contrast for gala evenings: sparkling diamanté bodice over a floating chiffon skirt. PONTIAC chooses classic simplicity, front and back, for the Break Away lines of the 1969 Grand Prix.

Goldsmiths
MEMPHIS



ADELE SIMPSON shapes silk and worsted Alaskine from a high-fitting bodice into a flaring collar sparked with delicate embroidery. PONTIAC provides the accents in supple Morrokide upholstery found in this year's Grand Prix. 1969's Break Away car.

Rike's
DAYTON

Understated grey flannel dressed up for evening with
scooped-out neckline and empire belt by KASPER
for JOAN LESLIE — a clean-cut Break Away theme
carried into the instrument panel styling of the
1969 Grand Prix by PONTIAC.

Levy's El Con
TUCSON

ABRAHAM & STRAUS

The fashion power of the short, sparkly, late-day dress by SHANNON RODGERS for JERRY SILVERMAN—imported metal brocade springing from a high waist circled by a diamanté belt. The power of Break Away styling provides PONTIAC a very promising candidate for car of the year—the 1969 Grand Prix.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK



TEAL TRAINA sees evening as a subtle rainbow of color—tri-tone satin in a shapely dress with Break Away neckline. PONTIAC completes the ensemble with the Wide-Track 1969 Grand Prix—this year's only completely new, completely elegant Break Away car.

Boston Store

MILWAUKEE

A fashion statement from the exotic East, interpreted
by BILL BLASS for MAURICE RENTNER, in gauzey,
shimmering metal-shot chiffon edged with
glittering embroidery. In Detroit fashions,
the last word in Break Away styling
is evidenced exclusively in the
1969 Grand Prix by PONTIAC.

foley's
HOUSTON

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

October 1

A tail well woven

Three white doves coo soothingly from their honoured place in the centre of the floor. Everything hums along without confusion. Clients relax in antique porcelain barber chairs. Everything is kept cool and calm—including hair—in this East Village hair salon, called Mrs. Lovitt's. That's the way Paul McGregor, cool-hand-luke directeur, likes it. Of the things happening in his private workroom, one of the more fascinating is hair weaving, a process started many years ago in Barbados . . . adopted in the U.S.A. primarily by men who didn't want to go through transplants or use toupees, but still wanted more hair. Paul has developed the same technique for women—but for more cosmetic reasons. Like changing a hairline, re-shaping a head, adding thickness and body. Single hairs, pre-matched for texture and colour, are sewn together with almost invisible thread. This strand (about ½ inch wide) is then woven to and with your own hair at the scalp. How many of these small pieces go on the head depends on what you want. If, for instance, you want a well-shaped cut, but the nape is shaggy and wayward (as many napes are), Paul would weave several longer pieces in about two inches above the nape, then cut and shape. Voilà! New hairline. Same method goes for guiches and bangs. Entire heads of hair get woven to correct thinning, to add body, to improve a crown. Partial weaves take from one to two hours; entire heads from two to four hours. Cost runs from $100 to $400. The weave runs for years. The slack caused by hair growth (about ½ inch per month) is taken up occasionally and you are instructed in the brushing, combing, and shampooing of woven hair. London and California are forthcoming addresses for Mrs. Lovitt's shops. Meantime, a very Edwardian Edward Owens runs the Mrs. Lovitt's uptown place at 200 West 57th Street with all the same good services you get at 15 St. Marks Place. "I think the whole idea's a groove," said the Master McGregor, a sort who seems to know the warp and the woof of a groovy plot. . . .

The Mame game—playing with energy

Where the action is: on the stage of *Mame* where the star is in high gear—singing, dancing, sliding down banisters, changing costumes twenty-eight times—all during the two hours, fifteen minutes she's onstage. And this star, because of the story, can't be a teen-ager in whom such energy is less remarkable. So, to track down some tips on tirelessness, we went to the source—Miss Janis Paige, Mame-in-Residence. She told us, energetically, some fascinating things. . . . "Energy has so much to do with your capacity to enjoy what you're doing. I find that after the show, I have more energy than before. I believe you can draw energy out of the air from other people. I'm sure you've met persons who stimulated you, while others drain you. With the stimulating people, you can exchange energy; with those who drain you, you must learn to shut it off. There's a protein powder, Somagen, that I think is marvellous. I take it in the morning with orange juice, or egg yolk, or anything that's around. I don't eat breakfast. For lunch, just cottage cheese, yoghurt, fruit. I take enormous doses of vitamin C, also a multi-vitamin. The skin on my body is much less dry since I've been taking vitamin E. Everyone says that's good for the heart muscles, and for muscles generally. I also take a garlic pill every day. Old-fashioned remedy—also a blood purifier. Italians give their children garlic very early, and they're very healthy, happy people. I jog—I've got everyone in the show jogging. A small volleyball is a wonderful exerciser. Squeeze it and let it go. Then get flat on the floor and put the volleyball between your knees —straighten the legs and keep them off the floor. Before going to the theatre at night, I lie down for an hour. After the alarm goes off at 6:30, I stand on my head. Then I jog, do situps, stretch. After this, I'm ready to do the show. Sunday is my one day off, and I try to stay in bed all day." Pleasant dreams, Miss Paige. . . .

THE SIGNATURE TELLS THE STORY

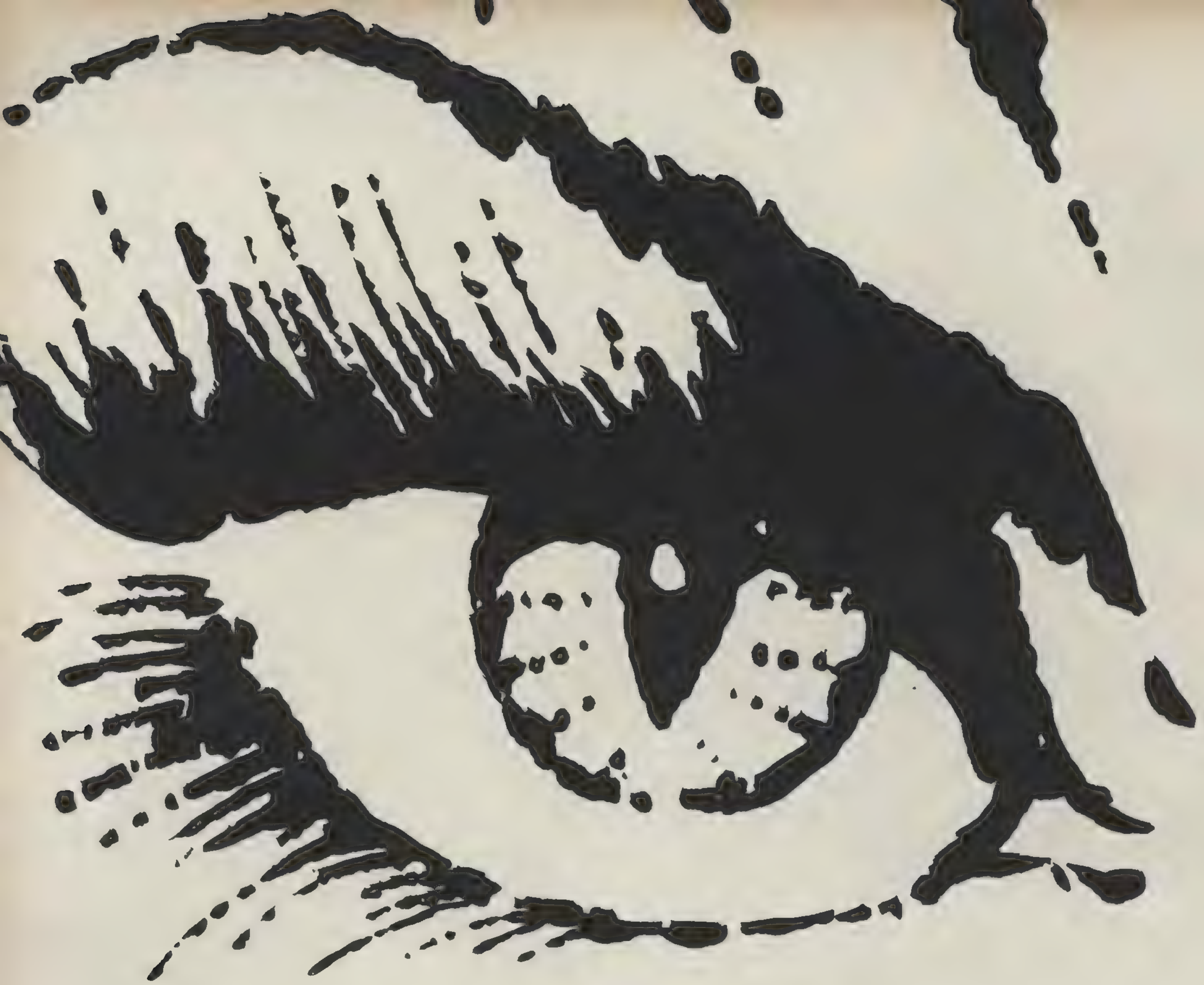
Herbert Levy

Knit ensemble shown on opposite page also at these fine stores:

ALABAMA
Birmingham ..... Burger-Phillips
Dothan ..... Van Ritch's
Mobile ..... Manuel's Women's World
ARKANSAS
Little Rock ..... M. M. Cohn
CALIFORNIA
Southern California ..... Draper's
Carmel ..... Vanity Fair
Fresno ..... Gay 20's
Modesto ..... Hammett's
Oakland ..... Irene Sargent
Sacramento ..... Kneelands
San Francisco ..... Livingston Bros.
COLORADO
Denver ..... Denver Dry Goods
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington ..... Rizik Bros.
FLORIDA
St. Petersburg ..... McIntyre's
GEORGIA
Atlanta ..... J. P. Allen
Columbus ..... Kiralfy's
Macon ..... Jos. N. Neel
ILLINOIS
Chicago ..... Carson Pirie Scott
Danville ..... Parisian (Oscar Meis)
Mattoon ..... Helen Montgomery
Peoria ..... Madelyn's Band Box
Waukegan ..... Hein's
INDIANA
Evansville ..... De Jong's
Fort Wayne ..... Fishman's
Indianapolis ..... Wasson's
Terre Haute ..... Meis Bros.
IOWA
Burlington ..... Schramm's
Cedar Rapids ..... Armstrong's
Des Moines ..... Wolf's
Sioux City ..... Younker-Davidson's
KANSAS
Topeka ..... Pelletier's
Wichita ..... Walker Bros.
KENTUCKY
Lexington ..... Wolf-Wile
Louisville ..... Stewart Dry Goods
Paducah ..... The Brumleys
LOUISIANA
Baton Rouge ..... Goudchaux's
New Orleans ..... Maison Blanche
MARYLAND
Baltimore ..... Hutzler's
MASSACHUSETTS
Boston ..... R. H. Stearns
MICHIGAN
Jacobson Stores of Michigan
Grand Rapids ..... Paul Steketee & Sons
MINNESOTA
St. Paul ..... Field-Schlick, Inc.
MISSOURI
Kansas City ..... Harzfeld's
Springfield ..... Netter's
NEBRASKA
Lincoln ..... Miller & Paine
Omaha ..... Kilpatrick's
NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque ..... Town House
NEW YORK
Binghamton ..... Drazen's City of Fashion
Buffalo ..... L. L. Berger
Latham ..... The Country Miss
New York City ..... B. Altman & Co.
Rochester ..... McCurdy's
Syracuse ..... Addis Co.
NORTH CAROLINA
Ashville ..... Ivey's
Charlotte ..... Ivey's
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The Young Secret® Shape-Slip® 32-34-36, A and B cup, in white and misty pastels. 13.00. Chemise version, 16.00. Or, if you prefer, a classically tailored style, 13.00. At stores with fashion spirit. The Olga Company, 7900 Haskell Avenue, Van Nuys, California 91409 © 1968 The Olga Company

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Ah—the bonnier voyage

Those things the travel posters don't mention—the slightly rattled train schedules; the curious telephone connections; that water with the cold, cold heart. All things that any traveller worthy of the title can easily rise above. But when there's help to ease the way, why not take it, we say. And in some areas, there is, as evidenced by The Travelling Baroness. There is a pink patent kit packed by Evyan with White Shoulders goodies: new Youth and Beauty Bath, a concentrated bath emollient to smooth the way for skin anywhere, soap-sized and scented in the luxe manner; Powdered W. S., W. S. Cologne; a fragrance-free deodorant; and a mirror. Thus refreshed, what matter the other problems? Except, of course, for himself, whose way you might break down and pave with Evyan's equally efficient Travelling Baron. . . .

Cherchez la femme—in new guise

There are times—who'll deny it—when halfway measures are all to the good. Such as at Marcel Rochas where parfum has met eau de toilette head-on, halfway. And the resulting Parfum de Toilette is something else again. Specifically, it's more perfume-y than cologne; more light-touch than perfume. It's something moderates won't want to be moderate about; will use, indeed, with a lavish fingertip—especially by day when the blend is a subtle stand-in for pure straight perfume. Not just the peach-orchard freshness of Femme is to be cherchezed; the sparkling young sophisticate of fragrances, Madame Rochas, too, can now be found in this new strength. Already scenting Europe, the Rochas Parfums de Toilette come to us in dressing-table sizes, in both straight and spray.

For coming on strong

"It's been about four weeks, give or take a week, and I think my nails are better than ever. One nail is so hard I can barely bend it." Speaker: a Bright Young Thing. Subject: four new nail cosmetics, newly arrived from Switzerland, for nails that have been taking a pounding. Dinalon Lilac is a penetrating, gentle treatment that works on the soft nail ends, hardens them against chipping, peeling, splitting. Dinalon Orange starts at the base, feeds the root to promote growth and suppleness, tames wayward cuticle. To complete the quartet, there's Base Fortifiante, a fortifying base coat that can also serve as a clear nail enamel. And Dinalon Moisturizing Remover Lotion, that erases stale enamel tenderly, bestowing kindness on nail and cuticle the while. . . . (More Ready Beauty, page 102.)



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perfume, cologne and toilet water in subtly stated fragrances,
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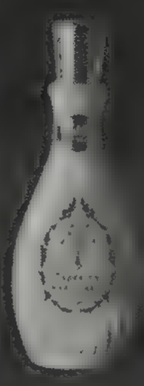
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BOOTS: LATINAS HAT: EMME PHOTO: FILIBERTO FERRONI

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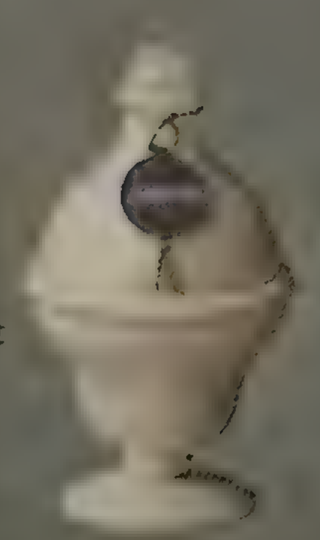
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Ambrulsion from the House of Guerlain



(Found only where you buy Shalimar perfume.)

FROM TURKEY BY TAXI

By Veronica Maclean

The *dolma*, in Turkish cooking, is that delicious concoction of tender young vine leaves stuffed with rice and spice. The *dolmus*, or taxi-stuffed-with-people, is a less familiar Turkish institution although a *dolmus* is a familiar enough sight in Istanbul: a big, somewhat battered-looking car, picking up and dropping fares at regular stages, and charging each passenger according to the distance travelled.

Last summer, on a visit to Turkey, I heard a rumour of a transcontinental *dolmus* which, I was assured, now ranged right across Europe, at high speed and very low cost. It sounded improbable but convenient, and just what I was looking for.

I was on my way back to London from the Crimea. I had allowed myself one week in Istanbul, but time and money were running out. A *dolmus*, if one existed that would take me across Europe, seemed a good conveyance for the last leg home.

It wasn't as easy as I had thought it would be to run a long-distance *dolmus* to ground. After several false trails, I was finally directed to a very small office in a side street, near the Topkhane, the ancient armoury of the Sultans. A neon sign outside the office said "Super Atlas." Inside, below a profile of Atatürk, an engraving of Mecca, and a map full of coloured flags, sat the *dolmus* king, a sad-eyed man in a black jersey. His name was Teodor Zervos.

Through an interpreter I put my problem to him: Could he produce a *dolmus* for me, a quick, safe, cheap *dolmus* that would take me to one of the Channel ports? I must be back within the week. He sighed, looking sadder than before, sent out for coffee, and asked whether I wouldn't rather go by bus? I said, no, sooner by taxi.

We got down to business. Yes, he said in the end, transcontinental *dolmus* really exist. They were cars belonging to some of the 120,000 Turks who work in Western Europe, and who cut travelling expenses by taking paying passengers.

Teodor Zervos found the passengers, fixed the price (which varied considerably according to passengers' resources), and sent off at least a dozen loaded cars every day, mostly to Germany and Holland.

I asked to be taken as far as Karlsruhe on the Frankfurt route where I had friends on whom I could count. (I was beginning to feel I might need them.) My passage would cost me about thirty-six dollars, to be paid half down and half on arrival, of which Zervos kept 15 per cent. We shook hands and he promised to let me know when a "suitable" car turned up.

Two days later the telephone rang and Zervos asked if I could start at noon. He had a car lined up, with a lady companion to make it "suitable." I arrived on the dot. But the car did not.

"A bad car," said Zervos. If I came back at six the next morning, he would have a really good car and a very "reliable" driver. With a flourish he produced two passports for me to see. The faces in the passport photographs, as always, looked slightly murderous. One was the driver, a German-speaking plumber called Ergun Basar, the other was his aged father, who was to act as chaperone.

On my last evening in Istanbul I met an American friend and told him I was leaving next morning by *dolmus* for Germany. He asked me how much luggage I could take and when I admitted I had a suitcase, two bags, a picnic basket, and a rose bush I had picked up in Tashkent, he too sighed, and promised to send me round a last-minute present.

The present arrived the same evening: a canary in a small wooden cage and a packet of bird seed. With it was a note: "I felt something was lacking. This is Selim III. Be kind to him." There was no time to be anything else, so when I started out next morning, Selim came too.

The Basar family were already waiting outside Zervos's office. They looked a lot better than their photographs. The old man had most courtly manners, placing his hand on his heart, bowing and saying "C'est mon plaisir," whenever I thanked him for anything. At 7:30 the third man appeared still half-asleep. He was Mahmut Akmanturk, a double-bass player at the American officers' club in Izmir. The luggage was wedged into the boot of the car, Selim and I into the front. By eight o'clock we were under way.

We stopped at midday, beneath the minarets of Edirne, and went shopping for fruit and vegetables. Lots and lots of both, for old Papa Basar and Mahmut, the double-bass player, had never left Turkey before and were convinced they would never see a tomato again.

Then came our first hazard, the Turkish-Bulgarian frontier. My anxieties were for Selim, as I did not know how the People's Republic of Bulgaria welcomed canaries, and by this time I had learned to love that bird.

It was in fact the Turkish customs who gave us the roughest time. I shall never know whether our car was innocent, or not, but we were held up for over three hours, while customs officers peered at it and its papers and practically took the engine to pieces. Then, just as mysteriously as we had been held up, we suddenly were cleared, and drove on towards Sofia.

It was June and every Bulgarian village street looked like Harry Wheatcroft's stand at the Chelsea flower show. I have never seen such roses—such sizes, such colours. But the good Turks would not stop to smell them or to eat until they had found running water.

As dusk descended, we drew up beside a rather unattractive village pump and picnicked there, by the dusty roadside, off green peppers, tomatoes, cucum-

(Continued on page 102)



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A new collection by couturiere
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Squarely in fashion.





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West Point Pepperell

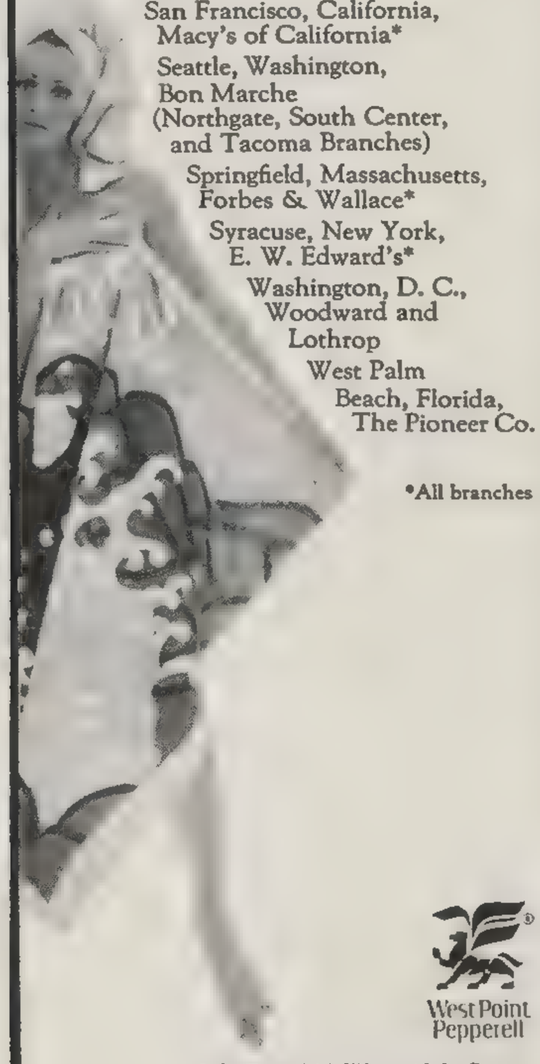
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Philadelphia, Pa., John Wanamaker
Phoenix, Arizona, Diamond's
Pittsburgh, Pa., Gimbels*
Pittsfield, Massachusetts, England Brothers
Portland, Ore., Lipman's
Providence, R. I., The Shepard Company*
Raleigh, North Carolina, North Hills Linen Gift Shoppe
Richmond, Virginia, Thalhimer's
San Diego, California, Walker Scott*
San Francisco, California, Macy's of California*
Seattle, Washington, Bon Marche (Northgate, South Center, and Tacoma Branches)
Springfield, Massachusetts, Forbes & Wallace*
Syracuse, New York, E. W. Edward's*
Washington, D. C., Woodward and Lothrop
West Palm Beach, Florida, The Pioneer Co.

*All branches



West Point Pepperell

Martex, 111 West 40th Street, New York, New York 10018

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

New snap in the air

In the annals of perfumery, seductive, mysterious, alluring are the familiar words. Not to be knocked, goodness gracious no. But there's another side to the coin—to which vibrant, invigorating, exhilarating apply. A perfume born for these adjectives is Chanel's Russia Leather. It's for those in whom crisp weather brings out the best. Recalls Elizabeth (of the German garden) picnicking midwinter on the banks of the Baltic. Or meeting Lara again somewhere, some day, in the Russian snow. The scent is lively, straightforward, honest; to wear it is to carry some of the outdoors indoors. All this clean, clean cool can be enjoyed in the usual assortment of concentrations: perfume, eau de cologne, toilet water, bath powder, talc. The climate provided can, in its own way, compete any day with the torrid zone.

On stick-to-itiveness

There may be a scientific answer, but offhand we don't know why a scent should cling to one skin, flee another. We do know it happens often enough to stir up a "why bother?" attitude in a sizeable number of ladies who'd love to be—but just aren't—perfume-prone. Now here's a turning point. Ann Haviland has a new candidate for lingerability, a fragrance that is light-hearted in style, but has the potent concentration of those oils usually associated with heavier scents, plus other ingredients that come under the heading of Trade Secrets. This lasting lightness, known as Perhaps, can be had in perfume oil including a spray version, eau de toilette spray, bath powder, soap—the latter so deliciously potent it should do a spell of sachet duty before entering tub or shower. The Odamour Beauty Bath, Vitamin A-enriched, is also scented with Perhaps—possibly a smooth way to extend the cling.

Sensitivity and the cosmetician

In a poet and his ilk, sensitivity is great, indeed a necessity; in skin, it's something less than. On behalf of skin thus unhappily singled out, praise be to the chemists who probe and test and experiment to screen from their recipes the gremlins that can damage. Latest good deeds of this genre were done by a team that has produced a new collection of hypoallergenic bath addenda. This is Marcelle's Consent. There's a bath oil concentrate for skin-softening; and, for follow-up: powder, spray cologne, and eau de cologne. The dew-dusted forest aroma is a superb achievement in hypoallergenics, a field into which fragrance is usually not invited. With Marcelle's Consent, scent comes out of the woods without soupçon of danger to the fragile-skinned. Gets the universal consent of all skins, easily harassed—or forbearing.

Taxi From Turkey

(Continued from page 96)

bers, hard-boiled eggs, cheese, and delicious *köftes* prepared by Mrs. Basar's own hand, and carefully wrapped in a white linen cloth. Selim had eaten and drunk all day, his cage bouncing gently on a pillow on my lap. At eight in the evening we pulled into a comfortable motel just after crossing the Yugoslav frontier at Dimitrovgrad.

At dawn we were off again, driving right through Yugoslavia in one day, stopping only to buy strawberries at Niš from a Turkish-speaking Macedonian in the busy market, and to picnic on the Belgrade/Zagreb highway. Just before Niš we passed a bus in flames by the roadside, its passengers watching it gloomily from a safe distance. I was glad I had taken a taxi.

We crossed into Austria at Maribor and drove until almost nine o'clock, as no hotel we passed seemed quite suitable to the old man, who was tired and a little lost in the great world outside his homeland. At a charming old *Gasthaus* near Bruck, an excellent dinner failed to cheer up my companions; they were homesick for green peppers, cucumber, *köftes*, and cheese, and outraged that our host could not produce them. But next morning they were full of generous admiration for the Austrian scenery. Papa and Mahmut had read about mountains but had never seen them.

"Aber nein!" said the *Zollbeamter* at the German frontier. "Keine Vögel!" And he made an abrupt neck-wringing gesture. Selim looked stricken. I burst into tears. After a fairly long argument (even by my standards), the officials relented and Selim was let through.

My friends were waiting for me at Karlsruhe and I said goodbye with real regret to my terrible Turks. Our journey together had taken exactly two and a half days and they had been the kindest and most courteous companions.

After the *dolmus*, the plane to London seemed very tame. Selim, unmoved by it all, celebrated our arrival by laying a small speckled egg.

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FROM THE FORMULAS OF
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Where the pure wool doubleknits are beautiful enough to rock your world.
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You could write a book on ways to enjoy Cointreau. We know because we did. It tells you how to make all the tantalizing drinks and dishes shown here. And a lot more. Get a copy of our 20-page booklet, "Adventures with Cointreau," free for the asking at your local purveyor of spirits. Or write: P.O. Box 4200, Grand Central Sta., New York, N.Y. 10017.

New on-the-rocks idea. Pour Cointreau over ice cubes in an Old Fashioned glass. Tastes as refreshing as it looks.

The Cointreau Cocktail. A cocktail you'll wish you had met years ago. 1½ jiggers Cointreau, 1 jigger vodka, juice of half a lime. Stir with ice and strain into a cocktail glass or serve in an Old Fashioned glass over ice cubes.

Cointreau Barbecue Sauce. Simmer together one bottle red burgundy, 4 medium onions and 2 celery stalks chopped, 2 cans beef bouillon, 3 cans tomato paste, salt, pepper and Tabasco sauce to taste. Cook until reduced by half. Add 1 ounce Cointreau. Excellent for steaks, hamburgers, spareribs ...indoor broiling or out. Extra sauce keeps well in refrigerator.



CREPES SUZETTE, CHOCOLATE CHARLOTTE, LIME GELATIN

Pattern shown, Lunt's Delacourt.



Should a guest look for the Quality Mark?

By all means.
It's just plain good manners.
It flatters the hostess. It shows
that you're interested in the elegance
of her table. It also reveals a certain
knowledge on your part.
So go ahead. Take a look. Linger. Notice.
Lunt Sterling, be it classic or contemporary,
lends a brilliant air of authority and taste to a small
buffet or a sit-down dinner in the grand manner.
Hold a Lunt design in your hand. Feel the balance.
Examine the carving with a critical eye. Turn it over.
You'll discover that all this perfection
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natural mink called
BLACKGLAMA®,
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Perfect formation in wool a
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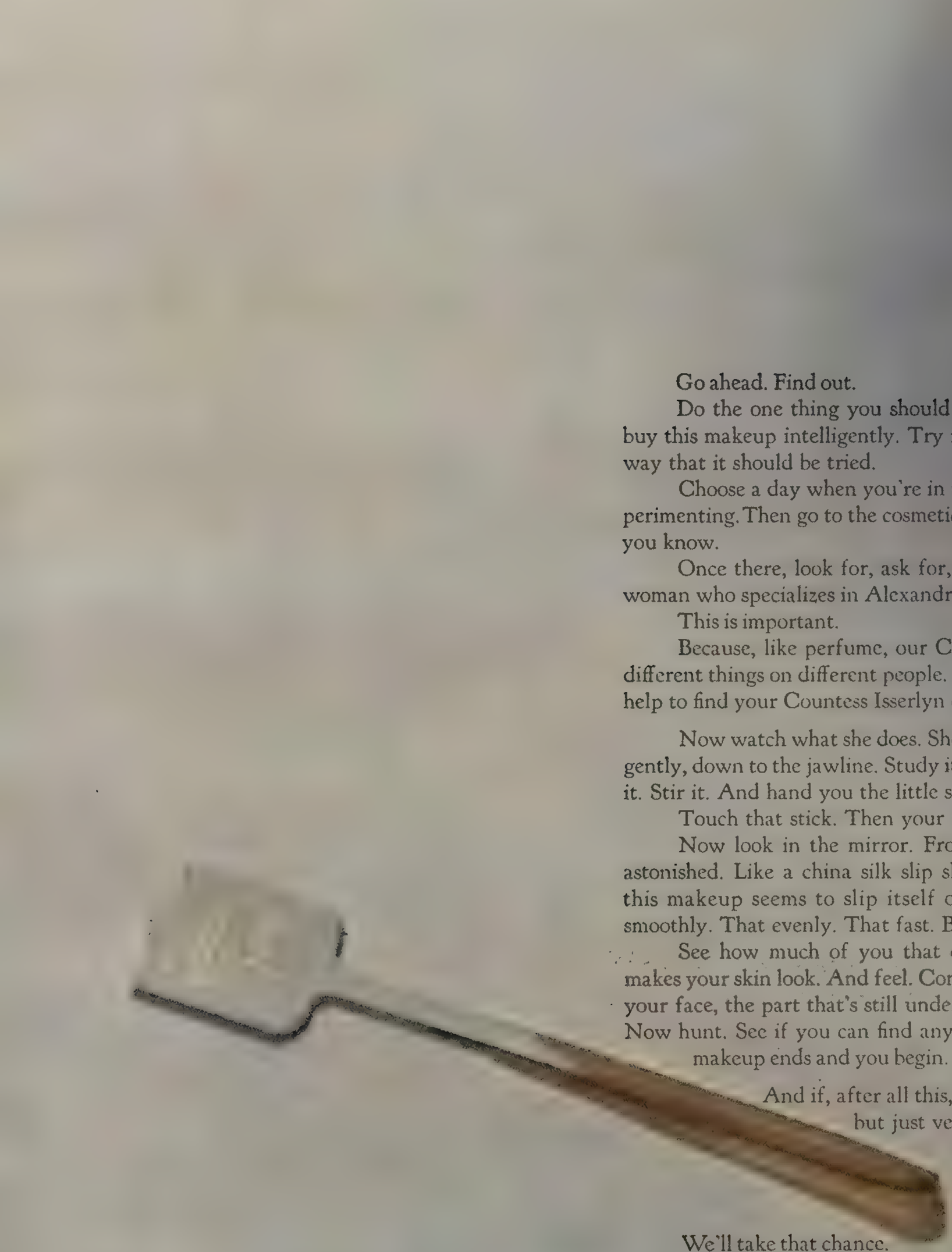
This makeup has been around
for over twenty years now.

And it costs twenty dollars an ounce.

If you have an ounce of curiosity,
and an ounce of respect for your own face,
wouldn't you like to find out
whether the women who buy it
are really on to something
or are just impressed by the price?

© ALEXANDRA DE MARKOFF 1967

At Bonwit Teller, Neusteter's, I. Magnin & Co.



Go ahead. Find out.

Do the one thing you should do anyway, if you're going to buy this makeup intelligently. Try it on your own skin first, in the way that it should be tried.

Choose a day when you're in the mood for a little leisurely experimenting. Then go to the cosmetic counter of the very finest store you know.

Once there, look for, ask for, if necessary even wait for, the woman who specializes in Alexandra de Markoff cosmetics.

This is important.

Because, like perfume, our Countess Isserlyn Make-Up does different things on different people. You'll need a specialist's trained help to find your Countess Isserlyn color this first time.

Now watch what she does. She'll wash off a patch of your skin, gently, down to the jawline. Study it. Pick a numbered bottle. Shake it. Stir it. And hand you the little stirring stick.

Touch that stick. Then your face.

Now look in the mirror. From here on, we think you'll be astonished. Like a china silk slip slithering down over your body, this makeup seems to slip itself over your face. Covering that smoothly. That evenly. That fast. But much more sheerly.

See how much of you that one touch covered. See how it makes your skin look. And feel. Compare that much with the rest of your face, the part that's still under the makeup you currently use. Now hunt. See if you can find any line at the jawbone where our makeup ends and you begin.

And if, after all this, you find yourself not quite sure but just very tempted?

Wait. Look again hours later. Now see whether you still feel you can afford to live without this lovely stuff.

We'll take that chance.

After all, even if you never buy it, all we'll have lost is some time and a smidge of our makeup.

But if you never try it, you may never find your best face.

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The most unmistakable perfume in the world.
Le De Givenchy.
Created to identify his following.



What to do about high spirits.

$20. DuPont nylon. At the nicest stores here and in Can...

Van Raalte



Melrose. Towels, sheets and bedspreads that do a little scheming.

Bring your flair for the decorative into bedroom and bath. It's time to pour the same imagination into your personal world that the rest of your home reflects.

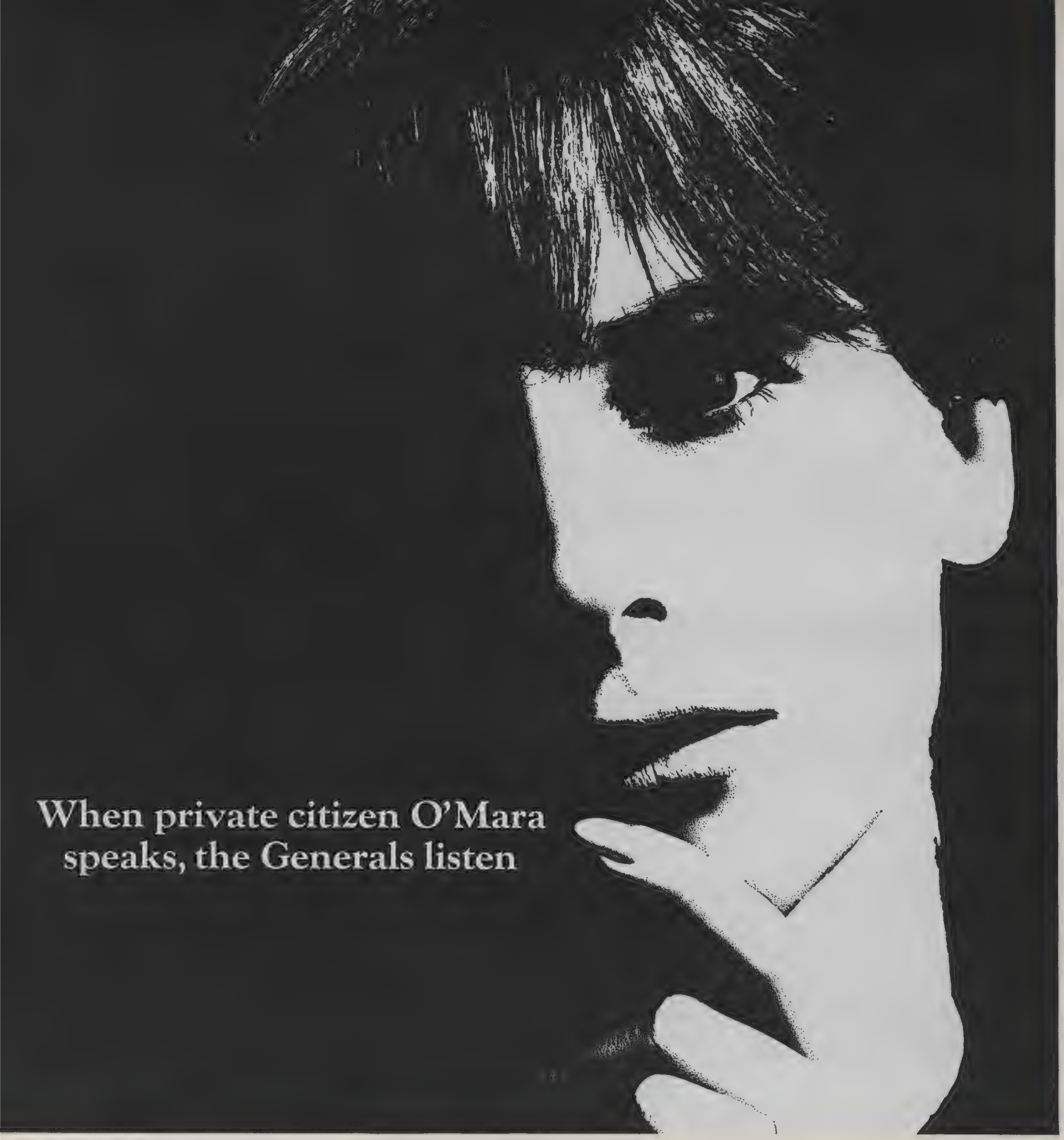
Royal Family complements to the scene include 200-count no-iron percale sheets of 50% cotton and 50% polyester, fluffy all-cotton towels, beautifully fringed bedspreads. Each and every one a perfect mate to the other.

When you become a designing woman, your life should include Cannon Royal Family. One of the nice things.

CANNON

ROYAL FAMILY

Cannon® Melrose towels, bedspreads and Grand Manner® sheets in green, pink or blue. At fine department stores. Cannon Mills, Inc., New York 10020.



When private citizen O'Mara speaks, the Generals listen

General Foods, General Motors, General Mills *better* pay attention to the likes of Mrs. O'Mara. Because she—and *you*—buy only the brands you like. And drop the ones you don't.

That's the wonderful power you have when you have free choice. It's free choice that keeps the Generals on their toes trying to please the troops. And in competing with each other, they generally come up with something better. Or cheaper. Or else.

Yet, strangely enough, there are well-meaning people in this country today who just don't see it that way. They think Mrs. O'Mara is confused by *too much* choice in the marketplace. Or, maybe, just not bright enough to choose among all those different cake mixes or 36 different kinds of cars. Reduce the choice, they say. Wouldn't four kinds of cake mix be enough? Standardize the products. That will make shopping a lot quicker and easier for everybody.

The trouble is, who sets the standards? Not Mrs. O'Mara. She may be a wizard with a bowl of batter but she hasn't a test tube to her name. So, the critics suggest, let the government do her shopping for her.

That's sympathetic of them but Mrs. O'Mara's very favorite cake is a plum-nut mix—and that's apt to be the first to go when they start cutting back on choice. We hope yours is chocolate or vanilla because they stand a pretty good chance of surviving.

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Isn't it fun to be a woman, and be pretty from the inside out? Sure it is. So go ahead. Indulge yourself in a wild flurry of flowers from our intimate world of "Courtship Bouquet." Chemise about $7. Petti, about $5. Bra, about $5. Panty girdle, about $10.

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Let your hairdresser color-style your hair with

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PROFESSIONAL COSMETICS FOR LOVELIER HAIR COLOR

FANCI-TONE* Creme Hair Tint for lasting color ■ NICE CHANGE* Hair Color Lotion for semi-permanent color ■ FANCI-FULL* Rinse for temporary color ■ Let your hairdresser advise the type, as well as the color, that best suits your needs.

*REG. TRADE MARK

Dress by Laurence Gross

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For the epitome of fashion elegance...exciting pins from our new Ciner collection of original designs. (A) About $17.50. (B) $25. (C) $15. (D) $30. (E) $17.50. Matching earrings available. At fine stores. Ciner Jewelers, 20 West 37th Street, New York, N.Y.; and Paris.

There's natural light, there's artificial light, yes... but now, incredibly, there is literally a whole new world of light: unique, unparalleled, and in fiber! It's The Third Light. SOURCE.™ For the beautiful reasons that carpeting of new SOURCE has its own inner glow. Why? Because SOURCE is structured on the principle of light refraction. Walk around a carpet made of SOURCE* Fiber AC-0001...

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experience the dramatic interplay of lights and darks. Touch its softness. You'll be reminded of treasured silk Oriental rugs...SOURCE is that elegant and unusual. Plus this: Only carpeting made of SOURCE has inherent elegance-endurance...the more you walk on it, the more glowing and luxuriant it becomes over the years. The Third Light.
You'll find its luminous beauty in carpets from the finest mills. Mohawk. Lees. Berven of California. Karastan. Alexander Smith. Regal Rugs. And you'll find them only at the finest stores. The Third Light in your home? A magnificent find.
Only from new SOURCE.

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The Teddy-Bra™* slip is the exciting new smoothie that fits every inch of the way up. The built-in, underwired bra gently curves you round and lets you go in absolute comfort. It's a non-clinging, non-stretching knit mate in stabilized DuPont nylon.

*Patent Applied For.

Henson Kickernick



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Her radiant look comes from skin that is beautiful, adorned or bare. She cherishes its clarity with Shiseido—the beauty strategy from Japan. Moisturizing Golden Mellow lotion. Night Cream for replenishing. Lotions and creams for pristine cleansing. Plus an unique pre-make-up cream. Shouldn't these silky creams and lotions be your defense against time? See the Shiseido counselor. At stores that seek out excellence. Shiseido Cosmetics (America), Ltd., 745 Fifth Ave., New York.
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It's "Pure Beauty" so pure, it's hypo-allergenic, so pure, because the irritants are screened out.

New!
Frosted Finish
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Liquid make-up, creme make-up, pressed powder compact.

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Cosmetics for delicate, sensitive or allergic skin

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BARBIZON



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COQUETTE $13.00

MACY'S, New York
MAY CO., Los Angeles
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Barbizon

The moulded dress of Cardin



From Paris, Pierre Cardin's moulded dress, made of the exciting new fabric everybody's talking about. The sharp geometric designs are permanently moulded in high relief by a heat-set process applied to Cardine, a woven fabric of Dynel. You can wash it, pack it—it never crushes, never loses its shape—and wear it straight-away. Here, in a marvellous shade of fuchsia and worn with Cardin's shiny black vinyl boots and long black vinyl gloves. Dress at Bonwit Teller.



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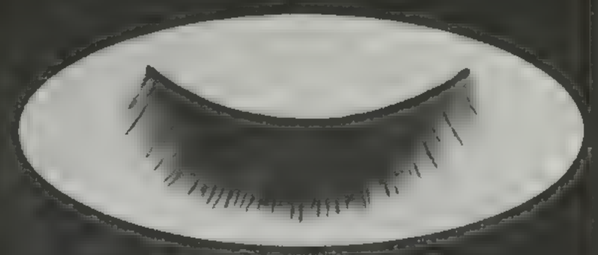
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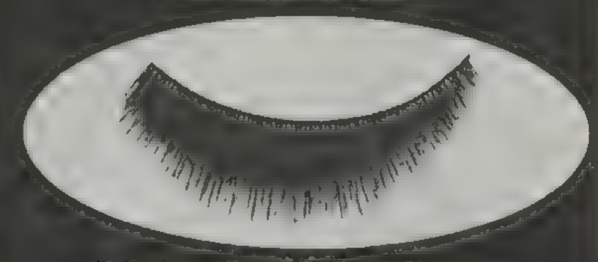
Saunda, Inc. Chicago, Ill.

WHAT KIND OF WOMAN ARE YOU, ANYWAY?

OUTDOORS?



1-2-3—black or brown



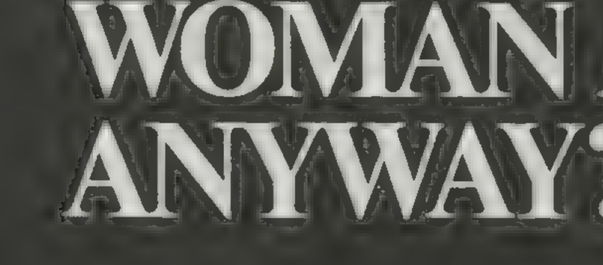
Splash Lash – black or brown



CAREER?



Standard Heavy-black or brown



Standard Medium Long-black or brown



MOD?

Standard Shaggy-black or brown

Standard Sweeps – black or brown



FEMININE?



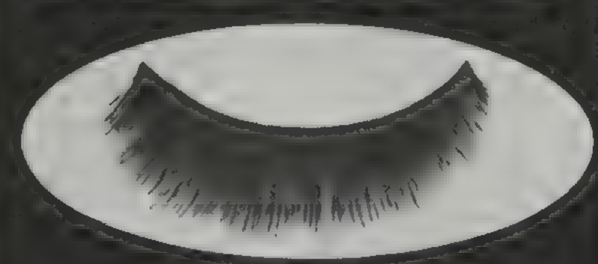
Glitter Lash-patent leather black



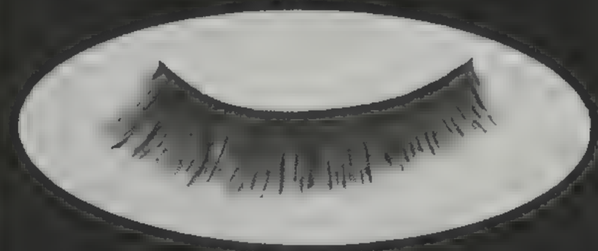
Natural Triple-black or brown



INTELLECTUAL?



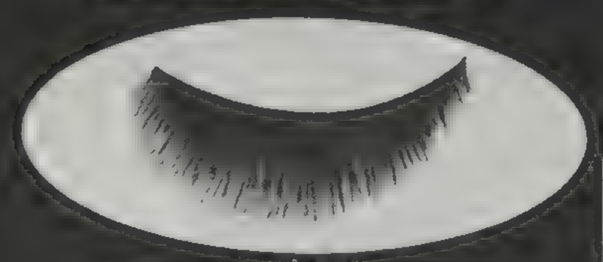
Natural Heavy Black/Brown Long



Standard Medium-black or brown



ROMANTIC?



Natural Heavy-black or brown



Natural Deluxe-black or brown



NATURAL?



Natural Fine-black or brown



Demi Lash-black or brown











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in the Andrea Gallery of "Kinds of Women"

. . . then, turn on "your kind" with the kind of eyes Andrea's more than 21 individualized styles of lashes can give you. There are lashes natural and casual; luscious and languorous; glamorous and amorous; mischievous and mysterious. There are lashes "for real" and lashes for fun.* In fact, there are lashes unlimited for every kind of woman in every kind of mood.

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NEWARK, Bamberger's
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Arnold Constable—B. Gertz—Gimbel's
OKLAHOMA CITY,
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OMAHA, Brandeis—Kilpatrick's
ORLANDO, Jordan Marsh
PEORIA, Carson Pirie & Scott
PHILADELPHIA, The Blum Store—
Lit Bros.—Gimbel's
Strawbridge & Clothier
ROCKFORD, Chas. V. Weise
ST. LOUIS, Stix, Baer & Fuller
SAN ANTONIO, Dillard's—Joske's
SAN FRANCISCO, City of Paris—
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All patterns made in U.S.A.



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you don't just buy it, you marry it.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

A brace of winners, a party, and an auction at Saratoga Springs, New York



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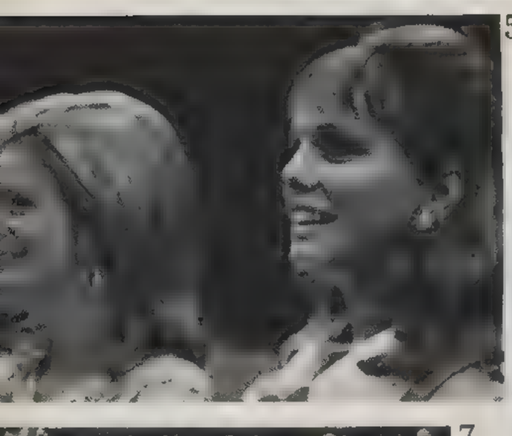
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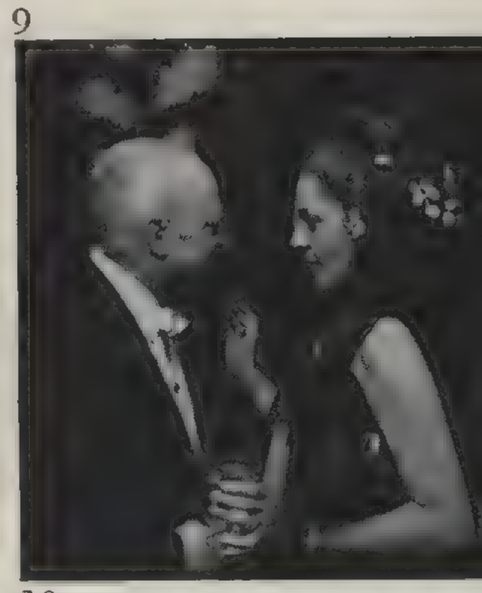


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Saratoga, by now, has become much more than winning the daily double across the board. It has everything—a magnificent amphitheatre for music, dance, and dressage; spas for taking the waters; acres of turf for racers, pacers, and trotters—and now, a new pavilion: The Humphrey S. Finney, where, for four days and nights, Thoroughbred people packed the stands and boxes to watch the bidding at the Fasig-Tipton Yearling Sales.

In addition to horse trading, there was, naturally, horse racing. Among the sequence of super Stakes—the Flash, Travers, Hopeful, and Spinaway—the Whitney Stakes was run, for the forty-first year, on the first Saturday of the meet. To celebrate this racy day, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney gave a dinner dance in the Terrace room of the Gideon Putnam Hotel. "Fantastically pretty . . . all the women wore flowers or ribbons in their hair," said one guest. "As a party, it was the winner of the Saratoga season."

1. A yearling being shown in the new Humphrey S. Finney Pavilion. 2. Opening night of the yearling sales. 3. Mrs. Anne McDonnell Ford with, *right,* Mr. Deane S. Johnson. 4. Mrs. Cloyce Tippett. 5. Miss Phyllis O. Mills and Mrs. Mimi Dill. 6. Mrs. Richard du Pont, Mr. Reginald N. Webster. 7. Mr. and Mrs. John A. Morris. At the dinner dance: 8. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rodgers, Mrs. Richard Leach. 9. Mr. George Headley, Mrs. Whitney Tower. 10. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius V. Whitney with, between them, Mr. Kurt Rosenthal. 11. Mr. F. Warrington Gillette, Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, Mr. Charles Mather. 12. Mrs. John McLean, Mrs. Stephen Sanford.



9



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11



12

The robe by Eye-ful Designs. The fiber by Enka. The photograph by Silano.



Enka one of the great producers of man-made fibers.

Textured Encron® polyester. Encron lives. Edwardian robe trimmed with velvet ribbon by Ruth Flaum for Eye-ful Designs. With a coordinated gown of Crepeset.® Fabric by Burlington Knit Fabrics. In Pink or Blue. Sizes P, S, M, and L. Robe about $50. Gown about $25. At Lord & Taylor, New York, Joseph Magnin, San Francisco, Marshall Field & Company, Chicago, and L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis.

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Because we know
a little something
about fashion,
we know a little something
about color.



Dior

VOGUE'S

An anniversary send-off for
Mr. and Mrs. John A. Vietor, junior, in Californi





"This is the way Hollywood parties should look—and never do," a guest said at the joyful anniversary party for Mr. and Mrs. John A. Vietor, junior, at their house in La Jolla, California. Fireworks splashed in the sky. The Pacific crashed on the rocks below the terrace where the guests moved and danced in the beneficent air to the bounding music of Peter Duchin and his team.

Symbols of the sea glistened like great white sculptures among the shifting clusters of guests—almost three hundred of them, friends of the Vietors' from every wing of the country. At one in the morning, supper, hot and cold, appeared. At two, in the swimming pool, a topless mermaid appeared. At three, a

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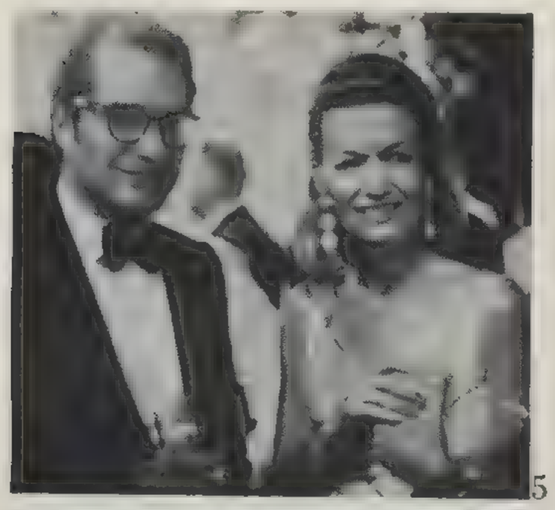


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NOTEBOOK



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Latin bossa-nova band appeared. And the last guests, it appeared, disappeared at sunny six.

1. Guests around the pool decorated with sea creatures. 2. Mr. Nathaniel H. Willis; Mrs. John A. Vietor, junior. 3. Miss Diana M. Preston, Mr. Noël Vietor. 4. Mr. Andrea Comel di Socebran, Mrs. Michel Dumaurex. 5. Mr. Christian de Guigné, IV; Mrs. Charles Spalding. 6. Mr. John A. Vietor, junior; Mr. Thomas W. Braden. 7. Mrs. Joseph G. Werner, Mr. Keith Brown. 8. Mrs. James J. Ludwig and Mr. Arthur Ware Bromfield. 9. Mrs. Clint W. Murchison and Mr. Burl Stiff. 10. Mr. Francis A. Martin, junior, with Mrs. Robert Stack and Mr. Luis Estévez.



10

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it's definitely Echo

VOGUE'S

Weekend of Coaching—
free-wheeling around Newport



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4 HOGENBOOM

"Newport has never seen anything like it," said one onlooker of the high-stepping caravan that for three days wound from cottage to cottage. From the stables of The Breakers, whips drove to Hammersmith Farm. There, a hundred luncheon guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss watched as horses pranced in and carriages lined up in the vast green paddock.

Children romped among pawing hooves, and one grey pug, Venezia, nearly got trampled as some of the guests mounted the drags. Driven four-in-hand by Mrs. Frank L. Haydon, a champion English whip, the park drag of Mr. Chauncey Stillman led the field. Coachmen's horns echoed as gigs, brakes, Guiet carts, and phaetons paced on to Marble House.

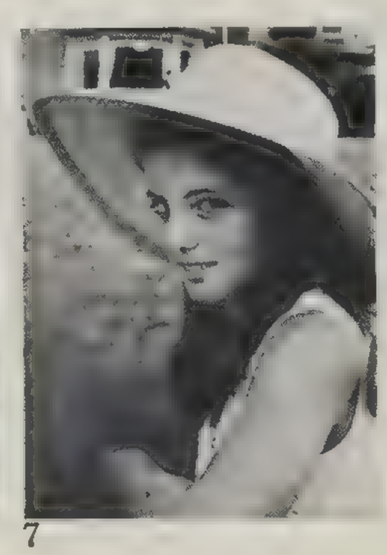
1. Carriages and coachmen at Hammersmith Farm. 2. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis P. Rutherfurd. 3. Hugh and Burr Steers, with Maya and Cecil Auchincloss between them. 4. Mrs. James H. Van Alen, Count Anthony Szapary. 5. Mrs. Claiborne Pell. 6. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss. 7. Caroline Kennedy.



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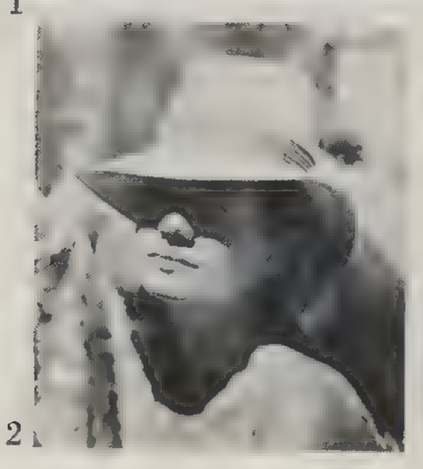


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NOTEBOOK



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The gilded halls of Marble House were flung open for a party after the coaching parade. Among the carriages that spun into this former Vanderbilt park was the Vanderbilt coach Venture. Whip of its four greys: Mr. J. Cecil Ferguson, president of The Carriage Association of America that staged this meet for Newport's Preservation Society.

1. Carriages at Marble House. 2. Mrs. Fitzhugh Green. 3. Mrs. Charles S. Robb, Mrs. Louise Savitt, and Miss Topsy Taylor. 4. Mr. and Mrs. Harden L. Crawford, III. 5. Miss Margaret Ferguson and Mr. Richard B. Buckley. 6. In The Breakers' tackroom, Miss Ferguson with her team from "Broadwall Farm," the stable manager and British trainers.



4



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6



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The cologne that will make you
tingle all over.
Any time you need a lift.

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The look: very Aquascutum LTD. LONDON, ENGLAND



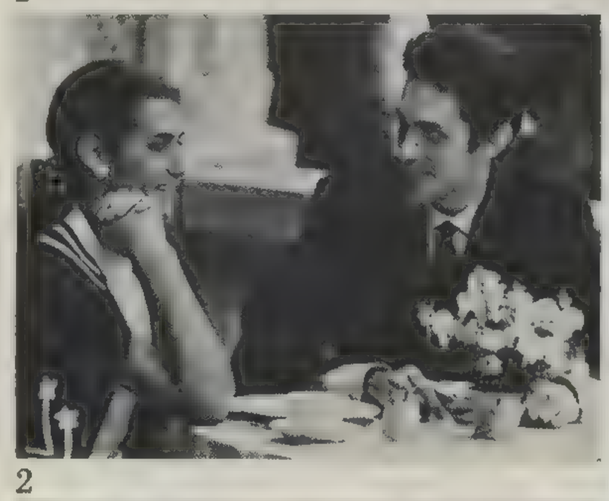
THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

In Newport, a coaching party at The Elms



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Every day—and night—was gala during the coaching weekend in Newport. After a snappy show of hitching and driving for hundreds of spectators in Freebody Park, the carriage crowd gathered for a party at The Elms. During cocktails guests moved about the terraces, then to the buffet in the Venetian dining room, and on for dinner in the neo-baroque ballroom—aglow with crystal chandeliers, plaster cherubs, and a gilded grand piano. Later, some people danced to a trio, some walked in the magnificent park, while others went to hear Herb Alpert playing in the rain.

1. The Elms, awash in *son et lumière.* 2. Miss Pamela Braga; Mr. John Drexel, IV. 3. Miss Linda Smith. 4. Mrs. Peter McBean; Mr. Wiley T. Buchanan, junior. 5. Mrs. George Henry Warren, president of Newport's Preservation Society; Mr. Chauncey Stillman. 6. Mrs. Wiley T. Buchanan, junior; Mr. Peter McBean.



6

HOGENBOOM

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY JEAN STAFFORD

Sears Roebuck Catalogue 1897, "*gasps*"

The facsimile of the *Sears Roebuck Catalogue* for 1897, brought out by Chelsea House Publishers, is a sort of Larousse of the costumes and housefurnishings, the amusements, the gastronomic and reading habits of Americans at the turn of the century. To those attached to reference books and to Americana, it is a desideratum if not an absolute necessity. The obsolete entries will be as baffling to the young—and, in many cases, to the old, especially to those who have had no experience of rural life—as arcane crossword puzzle words; but sometimes a whole *modus vivendi* will flash before the most untrained eye when it falls upon, say, this description of a trunk, "Large full sized iron bottom, crystal covered trunk . . . mallable iron bumpers and skeleton work covered tray with bonnet box . . . parasol case. . . ."

I see a young lady filling this trunk in Memphis and taking it with her to St. Louis to visit her married sister during the season of the Veiled Prophet's Ball. To be sure, this is a shaky hypothesis, for probably people who moved in such grand circles did not order from Sears Roebuck. If she did buy the trunk on the cheap (and on the QT, for it wouldn't do to let the neighbours know), she did not buy any of her dresses by mail, for Sears Roebuck did not stock them. In the catalogue, there are ten pages of men's clothing (besides "Gent's Furnishing Goods," which were "the nobbiest of the season," i.e., braces, celluloid collars and cuffs, bicycle hose) and thirteen of women's, but no ready-made dresses.

One gasps to think of the life of a farmer's wife who, having cooked the breakfast on her Family Sunshine range and washed the dishes in her wrought steel kitchen sink (". . . superior to cast iron sinks in every particular. . ."), skimmed the milk (separators were yet to come), made the butter in her Improved Cedar Cylinder Churn, done the ironing with her Sad Irons, put the midday meat in the oven and the midday vegetables on the back of the stove—having done that—now got out of the kitchen. She made the beds and ran the Bissell over the Strictly All Wool Two-ply Ingrain Carpet and then, before the menfolk came in for dinner, she snatched a few minutes to work at putting passementerie braid on her Sunday-go-to-meeting velveteen. She must have been very tired when she finally got to her bed with its "antique oak" headboard, part of her "Elegant Bed Room Suit."

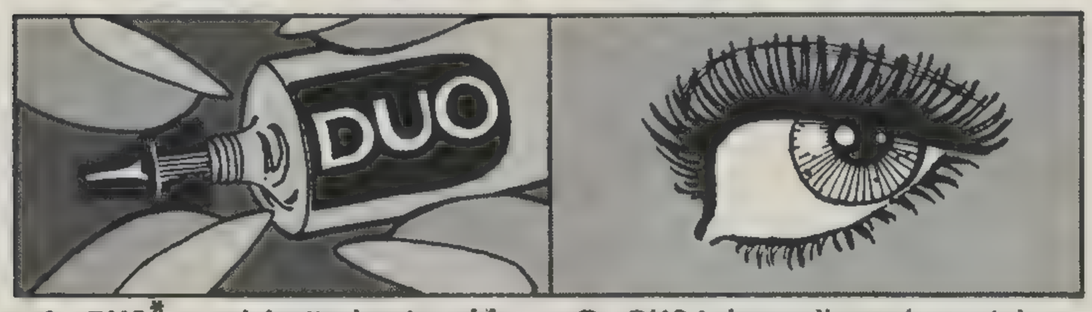
Amongst the dress goods, grain bags suddenly appear: "Bags are sold subject to the fluctuation of the market." This incongruity may seem undecipherable unless one knows that among the indigent they were often made into dresses. As recently as twenty years ago, they were still put to that use—by that time, the material was softer and finer and it was flowered: in Maine, I made aprons of grain bags I bought in the general store.

The 1897 catalogue, known at the time as *Consumers Guide,* was assiduously tracked down by Fred L. Israel of City College of New York who wanted his students in American History survey courses to study the mores of the period through the merchandise of the period. It was a brilliant assignment. S. J. Perelman, delighted, wrote an introduction and Richard Rovere, taking an historical view, wrote another in which he offered this astonishing intelligence: "Sears did not discontinue the sale of covered wagons until 1924." That is to say that parts of the west were still to be penetrated and settled by people who could not afford to buy tin lizzies. Think of it!



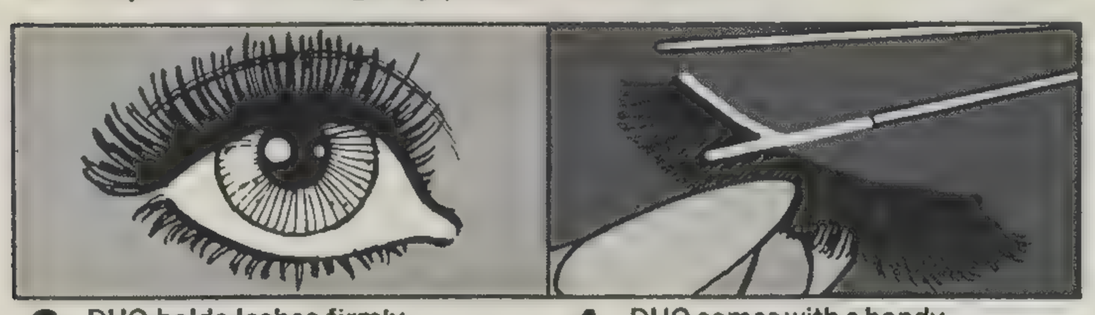


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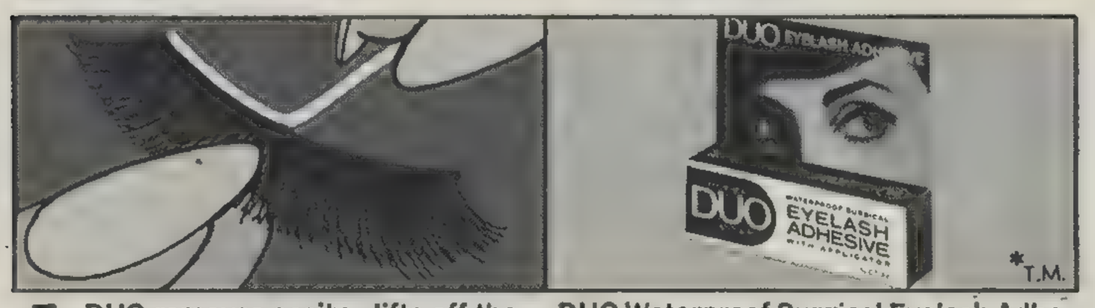
1 DUO* was originally developed for hospital use. It's surgically-pure.

2 DUO is hypo-allergenic, contains no irritants.



3 DUO holds lashes firmly, comfortably, until you remove them—up to 24 hours.

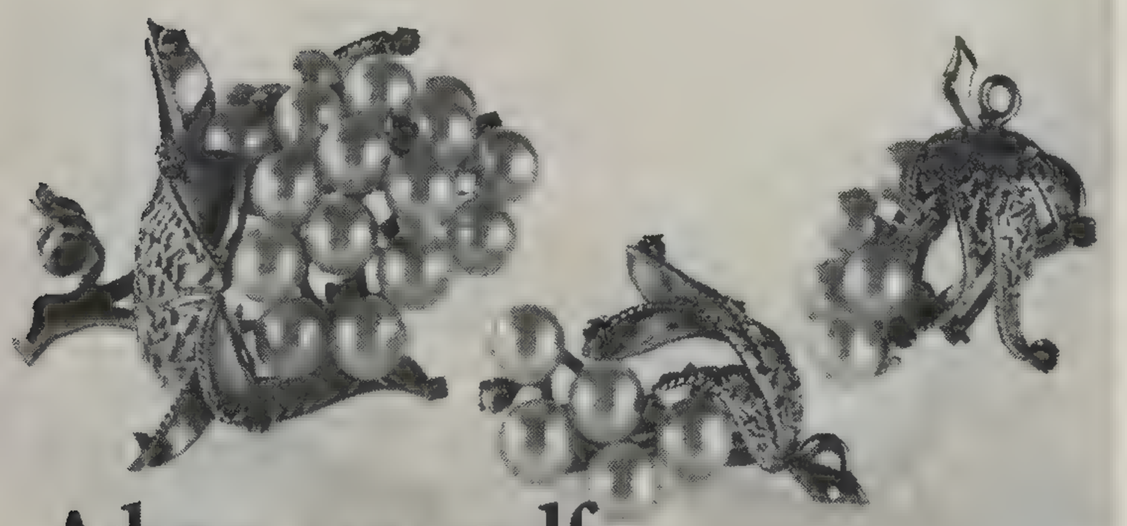
4 DUO comes with a handy applicator. Goes on easily, dries invisibly.



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UNION CARBIDE

The Quintessa Collection

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ANTHONY WEST

Romeo and Juliet, "*unquestionably right*"

It will be the smart thing, no doubt, to say that Franco Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet* is awful because it isn't Shakespeare's. But the truth is that what makes his first coloured movie so good is precisely its quality of being a film and not a stage piece transferred to the wrong medium. The difference between the two things is exemplified by Zeffirelli's shots showing us the courtyard of the Capulets' palace filled with the stillness and transparency of a new day on the morning after Juliet has taken Friar Laurence's sleeping potion. This takes the action forward from midnight to six in the morning or thereabouts silently and without effort in about four seconds. To do the same thing on the stage Shakespeare had to give us a whole scene full of morning chatter involving old man Capulet, Lady C., the nurse, three or four serving men, a speechless Angelica, and a lot of lumpy props described as "spits, logs, and baskets." The medium doesn't call for it, and Zeffirelli is unquestionably right to drop it.

One's sense of outrage is harder to suppress when he blandly changes the story by offering his own explanation of why Romeo doesn't get Friar Laurence's message about Juliet's pretended death in place of Shakespeare's in one case, and by writing the County Paris out of the final scene at the Capulets' tomb in another. Who, after all, does Zeffirelli think he . . . ?

But the question answers itself as soon as it leaps to one's lips. Zeffirelli has earned his right to use Shakespeare's text as a quarry from which to take the materials for structures of his own by building so very well. His ideas about the youngness of Romeo and Juliet, about Mercutio's psychotic obsession with the knowledge that is not yet theirs, and Tybalt's deadly combination of physical perfection and moral idiocy, combine to produce a string of stunningly beautiful images, some of which may well prove to be unforgettable.

Any doubts that one may have had about the genuineness of Zeffirelli's gifts are set to rest by his transformation of Shakespeare's Act III, scene 1 into a nightmare vision of Renaissance Italian realities. He builds a visual coda on the theme presented in the text in the line "for now, in these hot days, is the mad blood stirring." He draws from it the vision of an almost visible heat pressing down on the dry, close, nerve-wrackingly airless and little town, turning the last screw of the lethal boredom which will make men seek occasions to kill each other simply to relieve their exasperation at having nothing better to do. All this is expressed by having Mercutio, played with wonderful intelligence by John McEnery, walk across the town square sucking the white kerchief with which he has covered his head and face into his mouth. This shroud-like mask makes him an emblem of inescapable death and the embodiment of the tragic self-destroying element in man's nature—the image simply marches through one's eye into one's mind and takes possession.

It may be said that for Zeffirelli Mercutio's sick search for his own death at Tybalt's hands is the thing that gives the story its meaning. Whatever Shakespeare's intentions may have been, this reading of his play provides the foundation for a very good film indeed. Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey are adorable as Mercutio's young victims, the casting is brilliant, and the fights, the settings, and the costumes, superb. The film has its occasional lapses into vulgarity, particularly in the musical line, but its abundance of virtues and delights make these lapses seem trifling.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

THE Underground

BY JOHN GRUEN

Anatomic Explosions, polka dots for love

In the last few months, "anatomic explosions" have been taking place on the sidewalks of New York. They happen quickly, unexpectedly, and invariably in front of famous public buildings and monuments. These "underground" disturbances follow an exact pattern. Four young dancers—two male and two female—one drummer, and an artist congregate in front of a well-known tourist site. The drummer begins to beat out an exotic rhythm. At the command of the artist, the four dancers remove all their clothing and begin to dance. As they are dancing, the artist produces a can of paint and sprays polka dots on the nude bodies of the dancers.

To the startled gaze of passers-by, the prancing and swaying continues for three or four minutes, until the inevitable police car pulls up. By this time, however, the dancers have slipped back into their clothes and are behaving as though nothing unusual had happened. A few words of explanation from the artist seem to convince the police that the event was part of a symbolic Happening.

Masterminding these "anatomic explosions" is Tokyo-born artist Yayoi Kusama. Miss Kusama is a tiny young woman. Her jet-black hair falls to her waist. Her pretty face has the cliché look of a store-bought Japanese doll. She speaks in short, staccato sentences with an impenetrable Japanese accent. Her obsessions centre on the futility of clothes, the beauty of the nude body—and on polka dots. Known best for her "accumulations" (constructions of endlessly repeated patterns) Kusama, as she is called, began staging her nude festivals last July.

Kusama explained her credo: "Nudism is the one thing that doesn't cost anything. Clothes cost money. Property costs money. Taxes cost money. Stocks cost money. Only the dollar costs less. Let's protect the dollar by economizing! Let's tighten our belts! Let's throw away our belts! Let the pants fall where they may."

But what of the polka dots? Why does Kusama cling to polka dots? In a nervous, agitated manner she answered, "The polka dot has the form of the sun, signifying masculine energy, the source of life. The polka dot has the form of the moon, symbolizing the feminine principle of reproduction and growth. Polka dots suggest multiplication to infinity. Our earth is only one polka dot among millions of others. . . . We must forget ourselves with polka dots! We must lose ourselves in the ever-advancing stream of eternity!"

Kusama does it all for love. She told how as a child in Tokyo she received no love from her parents. She wanted desperately to flee from them. "I lived without love for a very long time. All possibility for happiness was denied me. The future looked black. My heart was empty. My mind was empty. Then, in 1957, I came to the United States. I was a teen-ager. I began to make many dots with my fingers. I was searching for love. Then I began making accumulations, patterns repeated over and over again. It was a way of finding love. Then I made upholstered phalli. Then I made a Light-Infinity Room—a chamber lined with mirrors that reflected an image a thousand times. Little by little, I realized that the naked human body covered with polka dots was the answer. That is how I found love—and that is how everybody can find it!"

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Art

BY BARBARA ROSE

Matisse Retrospective in London

If one were to distinguish the main currents of twentieth-century art, surely there would be little argument that Picasso and Matisse have been the two most seminal influences on the art of this century. Although Picasso looked more radical for some time because he departed further from representational art, he ceased to be an influence on avant-garde art sometime in the forties; Matisse's influence, on the other hand, is stronger now than ever. He remains a central source for contemporary colour painting—which has surprisingly become an Anglo-American enterprise. In New York, Canada, and England, scores of painters are creating an art of vibrant colour, dazzling light, rhythmic movement, and open, expansive space inspired by Matisse's example.

Because of the current influence of his work, the recent Matisse retrospective at London's Hayward Gallery, organized by the Arts Council of Great Britain, is particularly timely. That the exhibition is being held in London is appropriate, too, since that city is second only to New York as a centre of flat, decorative colour abstraction. The finest showing of Matisse, qualitatively if not quantitatively, since the historic Paris retrospective in 1956, the London exhibition has assembled major canvases ranging from the early post-Impressionist still lifes and landscapes to the monumental cut-out gouaches done at the end of Matisse's life. Hard-to-get loans from Russia and the United States, the joint repositories of Matisse's best paintings, make this a great exhibition.

Looking at Matisse's work one gets several clues as to how current colour abstraction is different from earlier geometric or purist art because of its debt to Matisse. Because Matisse's art was mainly rooted not in the sculptural modelling of severe architectonic structuring of Cézanne but in the decorative colour-light art of Seurat and his followers, his work became the channel for certain crucial non-Cubist elements that differentiate contemporary colour painting from late Cubism. For example, Matisse's blurred soft edge, rather than the mechanically sharp edge of geometric painting, marks the new abstraction, despite any supposed superficial similarities it may have to orphic Cubism. And Matisse has contributed other important elements to "post-painterly abstraction," too: His device of allowing areas of unmodulated local colour to expand by reserving white space around them, rather than hemming shapes in with dark contours in the manner of late Cubism, as well as his use of black and white as *colours* rather than as agents of modelling, find echoes now.

The special virtue of the London exhibition in assembling Matisse's key works is that it permits one to follow the master in his exhilarating passage from summit to summit, rather than tracing the more painful journey through the hills and valleys leading to those peaks of inspired performance. For, as opposed to Picasso's aesthetic of struggle and tension, Matisse wished us to experience only accomplishment and resolution—another link between his work and current colour painting. Even if it is true that Matisse's world of *luxe, calme et volupté* is an imaginary island far removed from the reality of the twentieth century, where the "Guernica" stands at its centre, perhaps it was precisely this distance from "life" that allowed Matisse to reserve his strength for a final triumphant breakthrough, which now informs a generation far younger than his own, while Picasso is of interest mainly to young art historians rather than to young artists.

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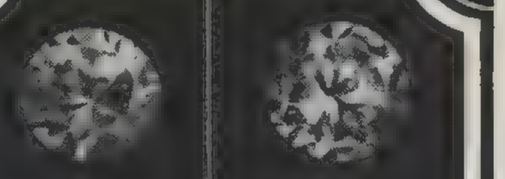
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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY FREDERIC TUTEN

Brazil's cinema, "*massive, sombre beauty*"

Cinema Nôvo is the new cinema of Brazil, a movement in existence about ten years, formed by a closely knit group of young film makers (most are under thirty-five) who work on one another's films—a kind of repertory cinema in which producers sometimes serve as cameramen, and cameramen, as directors. In less than a decade this group has created a cinema of consequence. Since Brazilians began to enter their films in international festivals six years ago, movie periodicals in Europe and South America have devoted entire issues to Cinema Nôvo.

Cinema Nôvo is virtually unknown in this country. The Brazilian film program at The Museum of Modern Art in New York from October 7 to 17 should do much to reshape the impression of Brazil and its cinema created in part by Hollywood's Carmen Miranda squeaking in shimmering beads and banana hat or by *Black Orpheus,* a Frenchman's glamorous account of the lives of Rio's poor.

In an attempt to create a cinema relevant to Brazilian life, the young film makers pointed their cameras to Rio's hillside slum dwellers, and to the vast drought lands of Brazil's Northeast where the starving and the dispossessed suffer from the cruelty of the land and the injustice of some landowners. Cinema Nôvo is essentially a social cinema, born from what one of Brazil's foremost directors calls "the politics of hunger." This aesthetic of famine has produced one masterpiece, Nelson Pereira dos Santos's *Vidas Sêcas,* the story of an itinerant cattle herder and his family eking out a hellish existence in the Northeast. Under Pereira dos Santos's understated direction the Brazilianness of the film is elevated to a universal story—in the manner of Flaherty—of man's war of attrition with nature.

Not all the films of Cinema Nôvo have the aesthetic and emotional coherence of *Vidas Sêcas.* A virtuoso film such as Glauber Rocha's *Terra em Transe,* for example, dealing with a mythical country convulsed in social upheaval, collapses under its own rhetoric; and Roberto Santos's *Matraga* heaps the screen with so many savage beatings, gun battles, and slaughters samurai-style that it reduces the intended tragedy to near bathos. Yet, the long passages of visual power and the kind of primitive energy that charges these and other films of Cinema Nôvo with their massive, sombre beauty compensate for their flaws.

Ironically, the new Brazilian cinema is archaic, insular, and unexperimental—it seems to have turned away from every contemporary theme (no Cinema Nôvo character is ever lonely or estranged) and to have nurtured itself solely on Eisenstein, Flaherty, and the Italian Neo-Realists—but, inexplicably, these are some of the qualities that make Cinema Nôvo powerful.

Cinema Nôvo is dynamic; it is reaching out to areas of experience other than social and is developing even younger directors. Pereira dos Santos's latest film, *Fome de Amor,* a sexual-political fantasy owing much to Fellini and Godard, shown at the Berlin Festival this summer, is as powerful in its ambiguity as *Vidas Sêcas* was in its directness. And in Rio this spring I saw a brilliant 16mm mini-feature, *Jekyll and Hyde,* by thirteen-year-old Bruno Barreto, about a child who plays hero-doctor to broken dolls and collapsed soccer balls and who is transformed into a tantrum-throwing monster when forced by his mother to take a potion of vitamins—a real psychological thriller.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY ALBERT GOLDMAN

The Beatles in Oil and Water

The private lives of the great are sometimes an inspiration, sometimes a scandal—and sometimes a bore. Take the Beatles, for example: What sort of lives are they likely to lead? Four working-class lads from Liverpool who struck it rich, who rocketed along the well-greased rails and terrifying curves of superstardom, then one day pulled the switch and stepped off the roller coaster—the famous four never had a chance to live.

When they were not performing, travelling, composing, or defending themselves against mobs of screaming maenads, the boys were occupied with the calculations of success: what dates to play, what movies to make, what products to endorse, what pictures to publish, what people to trust. To the public, however, the blankness of the Beatles' lives seemed like a mask deliberately donned to conceal a private existence pulsing with pleasure and privilege. Now, with a slight deflationary poof, the true story emerges.

The Beatles have stopped ducking flashbulbs and potato-masher mikes and have rendered finally a very full accounting of themselves. For the past year and a half they have been sitting to Hunter Davies, a well-known British journalist, author of *Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush*. Desiring neither the congratulatory mantel portrait of the self-made man nor the living-legend treatment of the superstar, the Beatles commissioned and obtained a family picture that is as homely, as cluttered, as casual, as candid—if not as cheerful—as a minor Dutch master. Its great virtue is the opportunity it affords to hobnob with the famous four and their friends and relatives in Liverpool, in London, at home, and in the recording studio—loafing, working, larking, turning on, or just staring out the window.

The most interesting and intellectual Beatle, John Lennon, spends his life afloat in fantasy. For days at a time, he mopes about talking to no one, gazing at the television screen as if it were a flickering fire, abandoning himself to daydreams until he reaches a state bordering on mysticism or psychosis: "I almost leave myself completely. . . . I can see my hands and realize they're moving, but it's a robot who's doing it." Lennon takes no interest in anything short of Nirvana.

When this prize journalistic property was offered to the American publishers, one disappointed bidder, G. P. Putnam's Sons, ordered up a quicky book designed to share the réclame of the authorized biography. Julius Fast's *The Beatles: The Real Story* is just what the Beatles were trying to avoid. An uninterestingly written rehash of familiar facts and anecdotes laced with quotations from critics and reviewers of Beatles records and films, this volume is simply a press book. Let it pass.

The theme of Davies's book, *The Beatles* (McGraw-Hill), is the Beatles' struggle to live honestly amidst the dangerously beguiling plunder of their success. Refusing to ape the gentry, the intelligentsia, or hippie bohemia, the boys have taken wives or steady girl friends, begotten children, and settled down in lavish homes which they occupy but do not possess—like servants when the family is away.

John Lennon's £60,000 mock-Tudor mansion seems empty even though it has been furnished splendidly down to the last antimacassar. The reason is that, before his recent divorce, Lennon, his wife Cynthia, and their small (Continued on page 156)

Mardi Gras designs for The Trevira Era in fabric of Trevira by French River Mills

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Vogue's Spotlight: Books (Continued from page 154)

son did all their living in a little back room next to the kitchen. Ringo Starr—who would have been a pipe fitter but for his success as rock's best bad drummer—owns a neighbouring mock-Tudor château in which he putters about doing odd jobs, like a handyman. George Harrison sits cross-legged for hours every day, plucking the strings of his sitar while listening to tape-recorded lessons by his master, Ravi Shankar. Paul McCartney occupies a house in London and takes an interest in the Apple, the organization through which the Beatles have undertaken to produce movies, market records, sell clothing, and support worthy young aspirants to the arts.

None of the boys has made friends beyond the narrow circle of early school and neighbourhood acquaintances. All of them remain deeply involved with the others, sharing fads and enthusiasms, dropping in and out of each other's houses, and occasionally getting together to do a bit of work. Their wives and girl friends seem like appendages: the sort of patient, permissive, mama-knows females who are always installed in the homes and dressing rooms of show biz stars. The Beatle ladies are always in waiting.

One Beatle courtier who couldn't wait was Brian Epstein. His premature death from nerve pills was clearly connected, as this book reveals, with the fear of nothingness. Once his work as the Beatles' manager had been completed, Epstein slid over the edge into the void.

Blown off all the charts of traditional and contemporary life by their stupendous success, the surviving Beatles lead a Robinson Crusoe existence, struggling to live alone on their little islands of idleness.

By revealing so candidly the emptiness and banality of the Beatles' lives, this biography, designed to dispel the shadows of mystery, cloaks our most famous musicians in an even darker mystery. How, one asks, have these implacably mediocre youths forged the most compelling symbols of contemporary life? How does one create a new world *ex nihilo?*

Perhaps the answer lies in the absoluteness with which the Beatles have committed themselves to the banal. Lennon's endless vigils before the "telly" do possess the quality of a mystic trance or a Zen meditation, or the subliminal gestations of the pop artist who must filter through the maw of his sensibility the entire substance of the culture in order to extract those few perfect notes and words that will epitomize the age. As Davies shows, most of Lennon's work is done for him by the gnomes of accident and free association. Brooding over his keyboard, his mind a sticking paper for bits of street noise, newspaper headlines, television jingles, the pulsing rhythm of a police siren or the jabber of a child home from school, John Lennon practises instinctively the arts of *musique concrète, objet trouvé,* collage, montage, assemblage, and all the other stratagems of the sophisticated avant-garde.

Unlike the music of Cage and Stockhausen, however, Lennon's compositions have universal appeal. Alone among modern musicians, he has discovered the hidden harmony which ties together all the scattered notes of contemporary sensibility. His life evinces what may well be the ultimate act of dedication for a modern artist. Devoting himself with monastic strictness to the diurnal contemplation of that modern speculum, the television screen, John Lennon practises the most exacting Zen: a self-annihilating immersion in the mundane.



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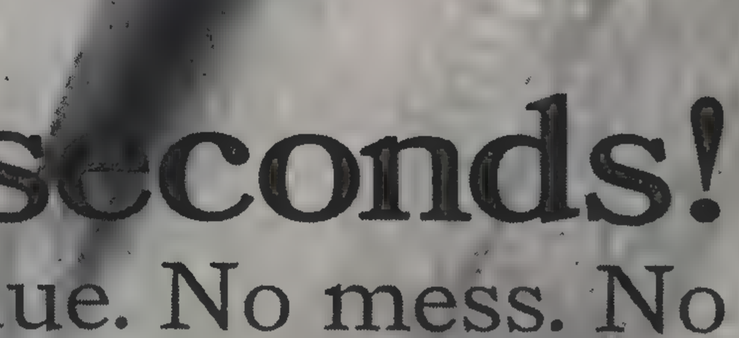
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Samuel Robert designs for The Trevira Era in fabric of Trevira by French River Mills

The herringbone goes on and on.

But who'd want it to stop—now that it's been rejuvenated, revivified, and redefined by The Trevira Era.

For Trevira® polyester is like a shot of new life for all the classic fabrics.

Subtly enhancing their beauty. Giving greater emphasis to their individual distinctions. And bringing their behavior up to 20th century par.

As here in a soft but strong weave by French River Mills of 55% Trevira, 45% wool.

Samuel Robert makes much of it: a yoked skimmer dress with a wide leather belt and a beautifully cut, beautifully generous jacket: Green or smoke grey. $265.

TREVIRA®
POLYESTER
The Extraordinary Fiber

® TREVIRA® STANDS FOR OPTIMIZED USE OF THE HOECHST-CELANESE REGISTERED TRADEMARK

Shampoo de Pantene®. One-lather does it all.

Imagine. A shampoo that does its good work in one lather. Now you can wash your hair as often as you like. Without drying. Or stripping its color. Hair comes clean, shiny, beautiful, healthy-looking. Made here from a unique formula with Swiss conditioning action that keeps your hair manageable. Shampoo de Pantene. For dry, oily, or normal hair. Naturally, more expensive. But doesn't your hair deserve it? $3. At better stores across the country. Other do-gooders from Pantene: Hair Spray. Forming. The Treatment.





HAIG BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

No other scotch can say it.

Over the centuries we've learned a few things about making scotch. And what we've learned pays off in your drink. We believe Haig 1627 is the finest scotch whisky ever produced. But we'd rather you said it than us. Don't be vague—ask for Haig.

Haig 1627.



MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES



Now: leather
means great style

Even slick black leather carries no "Hell's Angels" message . . . just a smart look. A round of London and Paris shops yields dozens of good leathers. In all: important collars, close fit, buttons fine enough to add to the tactile delight of supple skins . . . cool, polished horn, satiny tortoise, matte aubergine plastic. Here, the best of the lot: ***Longest leather*** look, right, becomes the shortest by zipping off the skirt of the mid-calf coat to create a hip-length jacket; horn buttons, antiqued leather the colour of horse chestnuts. $250. Mr. Fish, 17 Clifford St., London, W.1. ***Tatton Sykes, and the supplest*** antique leather coat, left; double-breasted, major-collared; $125 at Just Men, 9 Tryon St., at the King's Road, London, S.W.3.



RITCHIE







The softest, lightest parchment-colour suède safari jacket, far left, is Tatton's other leather choice. The jacket is belted, and buckled with pale horn. Patrick de Barentzen, $165. Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C. The ***most important collar*** is the one, centre left, on the double-breasted knee-length coat of black kid. $440 at Dior Boutique, 30 avenue Montaigne, Paris 8. The ***most opulent leather,*** left, mixed with fur; marmot collar on a redingote of amber natural leather that Xavier Roy found at Cerruti 1881. The coat, $320; the brown suède musketeer gloves, $32, also at Cerruti, 3 Place de la Madeleine, Paris 8.

LORIEUX

The Towle Reputation:

When everyone's patterns begin to look alike it could help you make up your mind.



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VOGUE'S DECORATING FINDS AND IDEAS FOR FASHIONS IN LIVING



1



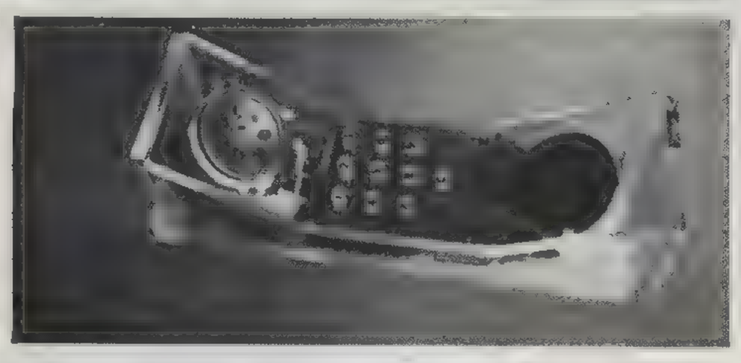
1a

Incandescent art

Scooping 2001 A.D., everyday objects transformed into sparkling see-through Plexiglas sculpture forecast a new way of life. Artist Babette Newburger's experimental films led her to explore the incandescent transparencies of Plexiglas, to bend its strength to her dream of rooms furnished with light and colour seen through sculptured *invisible* furniture. Here, shown for the first time, her objects which work. As serious art, they will be exhibited in museums, galleries. Signed pieces to order from Babette Newburger, 180 E. 79th St., N.Y. 10021.*



2



2a

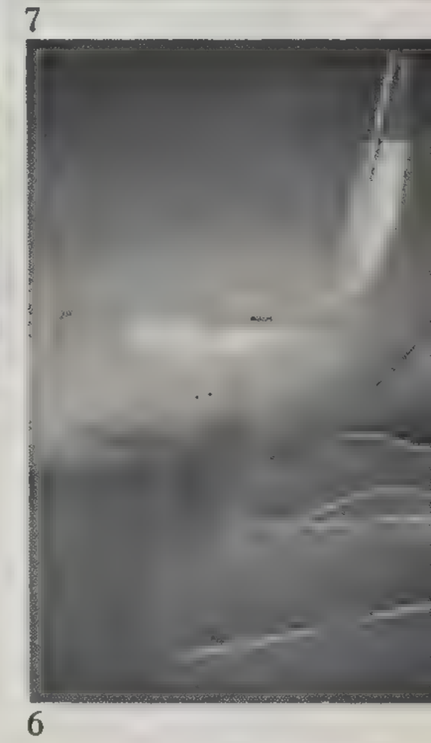
1, 1a. Bathtub: Moulded from a single sheet of Plexiglas on an oval base. Two pairs of legs pretend to hold it. Drain and faucets, silhouettes of human figures on the side of the tub, enable it to be attached to plumbing. $2,000. For another picture, see page 243.



8



7



6

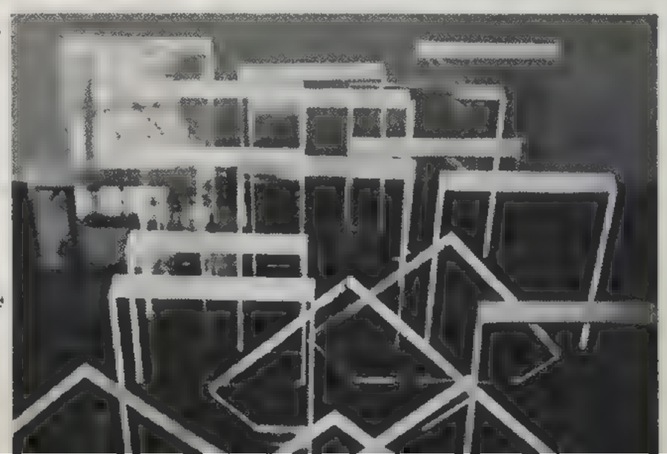
2, 2a. Telephone: Its intricate wiring is seen through prisms of Plexiglas. The speaker lifts off. $2,000.



3

3. Bench: Or it might be a chairside table, with witty legs. $400. ***4. Lights:*** A forest of flat Plexiglas shapes reflecting light from a shallow light box below. This lamp may be ordered in any size. $600 up. ***5. Cocktail table:*** Two pairs of joined Plexiglas legs support a round glass top, $1,600. The same two pairs of legs, if separated, might hold a rectangular top, may be ordered in dining height. ***6. Chair:*** A moulded Plexiglas shell is slung between a pair of upside-down legs. $800. Cushions may be added. ***7. Table lamp:*** An incised and frosted Plexiglas tube revolves, spreads light from bulbs in its base. $350. ***8. Babette Newburger*** and an "assemblage" of legs.

*By appointment



4



5



Acti-Vita Cream

For instant action... a no-nonsense preparation. A fast worker, effective, immediate. Fragrant and un-greasy, so you'll use it at night. By morning that plaguing, grainy, layer of dryness will be on its way out, and with it what we call that "dusting" of age. The active element in Acti-Vita is new and tested. Its function? To give you an eternally "renewed" look. Expensive? Alas yes, we think so. Worth it? You'll have to decide. We're too sold on it to be really objective.

Germaine Monteil

OCTOBER 1, 1968

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW:



NEW BEAUTY ZONE: THE TUMMY BEAUTIFUL

If you have it—lithe, toned, firm, with the subtlest of curves—
the new obsession is to show it. Show it with hip pants, with bared evening things.
Show it rimmed by a minuscule gold chain. Call it a
new beauty zone, call it a sex symbol . . . give anything to get it. And among these
anythings, the most amusing routine of the moment is lessons in *danse du ventre*
which has moved out of all those murky cafés into the world.
No discipline does better by the tummy—develops the muscles,
firms the flesh, gives the body a fine sinuous flexibility. And there's a special
zesty something about doing yourself all that good with mesmerizing *oud* music
swirling in the background . . . practise with a veil;
have seven veils; have a nifty torso. It's all part of the Now Idea in
Beauty explored throughout pages of this issue.



"THE SEASON OF THE WITCH"

BY RICHARD GOLDSTEIN

You've got to pick up every stitch
Rabbits running in a ditch
Beatniks out to make it rich
Oh no—
Must be the season of the witch.

—DONOVAN

Sad eyes hang above massive cheeks. Her nose is the humblest mountain range. Hair to scrub floors with. Watermelon legs. Immodest elbows. Acne, from too much chocolate and yearning.

Ten years ago, she was ugly. Lumpy-dumpy, stone-cold, death-eating-life-savers, ugly. Today, she's beautiful. The same eyes, enveloped in chiaroscuro, speak like surf. The hair hangs freaky-free. The nose stands defiant—like a monument. The elbows are still immodest; marvellously immodest.

What is remarkable about this double exposure is that both images are identical but seen through different eyes. One generation's outcast is another's superstar. In the shattering sixties, our ugly duckling swans out by simply remaining herself. Only the *Zeitgeist* has changed around her. What once seemed awkward is now alluring. The very uniqueness that once marked her as ugly now distinguishes her.

My generation has often been accused of harbouring an anti-aesthetic in its non-bosom. We are all style and little substance, say those who learned to accuse in other ages. We dig (Continued on page 252)



Two beautiful baby witches, here, with the young men their spells work on. OLIVIA HUSSEY, *half-past sixteen, left, with* LEONARD WHITING *who plays Romeo to her Juliet in Franco Zeffirelli's glowing film. Right:* ANJELICA HUSTON, *seventeen (see next pages), with* ASSAF DAYAN, *son of the Israeli general Moshe Dayan; the two of them, stars and lovers in a new film directed by her father, John Huston.*

KAREN RADKAI

IN THE FACE OF BEAUTY

THE SPARK THAT JUMPS THE GENERATION GAP





What gap? Surely not the Victorian gape. Or the twenties gap stuffed with Nannies. Or even the thirties-forties gap when parents knew *they* were right. Surely, between mothers and daughters at least, this is the stopped-gap generation. No beauty stamped by age: Just beauty. No ritual procedure of communication, old to young: Just communication. Every woman a once-and-only—except that some women happen to be related, beautifully.

Here, Ricki Huston and her daughter Anjelica, with no call to explain which is which. They share a look of mystery, of ivory, of edges, of, possibly, the Renaissance or tomorrow. They are separate and together. Mrs. Huston prints people's minds with memories of her especially attractive house in London's Little Venice, her cooking, her parties, her welcome. Of her daughter she said, "She is tall and cool and beautiful. . . . I am lucky to have her." Anjelica, at seventeen, is the heroine of her first film, *A Walk With Love and Death,* directed by her father, John Huston. Where, between this mother and this daughter is the beauty gap? Which would who rather be?

RICKI HUSTON *and her daughter,* ANJELICA—*or is it the other way around—swinging through London,* above, *in Irish capes made for them in Dublin.*



THE GRANDE AMOUREUSE

BY ANTHONY WEST

She is more than pretty, but it is not always easy to see that to begin with. When she is young, a disparity between her capacity for nobility of feeling and gesture and her ability to express it or to find outlets for it often creates an impression of trouble and confusion that leads her to be thought plain or even ugly. But then, one day, she finds that loving is her thing, and that her gift or fate is for total commitment to sensual happiness; and serenity and physical assurance come to take the place of the adolescent hesitations and awkwardnesses in which they have been veiled. Her life becomes a flow of generosity, and its abundance and warmth suddenly, overwhelmingly, illuminate her being. Those about the grandes amoureuses recognize with surprise and even astonishment that they have become beauties possessed by a glowing kind of good looks that will outlast the gloss and bloom of youth and will stay with them into old age as the radiance of recollected joy.

A narrow feminism will resent their good fortune and will feel that too much is being made of an air of ready accessibility, and of a defect of character that allows a woman to become a mere sexual football, booted from bed to bed by the force of appetites that she lacks the will to handle and control. But it is not that briskly promiscuous madonna of the motel room and the borrowed apartment who becomes the embodiment of the goddess of love; she earns the gratitude of each man to whom she gives the few hours of pleasure and content that are all she has to offer, but not his worship. This other woman is worshipped because her absolute and unreserved gift of herself takes the man she loves out of the realm of the commonplace, the trivial, and the ordinary, and enlarges his experience of what it is to be a man. She offers her lovers rebirth into a deeper awareness of themselves, into a fuller consciousness of what life is, and of what it might be. Her beauty is the mirror and the measure of the richness of the gift she has to give.

It will be asked what this is, and what is so special about it that it can shape a face into dignity and grace, and even a certain grandeur of proportion. A clue to the answer to this question lies in its terms: The women who have this gift to give show it in their possession of the thing that was sought for in those traditional works of art that aspired to the quality of harmony —an agreement of all the parts, an internal balance, or wholeness.

These women have the courage to be at one with themselves, and once they have discovered that caution, second thoughts, and small timidities are not for them, never doubt again. Their gift is an entry into a world without (Continued on page 264)

ANOUK AIMÉE, left, *has beauty that begins in the flesh and continues through the nerve ends. In the film* A Man and a Woman *she showed its face, a face that time and pain and love could work glories on. That's the look a grande amoureuse should desire: the look that wraps emotion in allure; a passionate dissemblance; the actress's art. But not all actresses can turn the trick inside out and make visible the beauty that goes nerve deep. Anouk Aimée can. In her newest movie,* The Appointment, *to be released this winter, her face is that of an enigmatic lover, a face she wears well.*

ORATOR WOODWARD

IN THE FACE OF BEAUTY

THE GLOW THAT ENERGY LIGHTS



Sun-bent. Hale. Vitality stored like chlorophyll. Four sisters here, the daughters of Countess Gottliebe von Lehndorff of Germany. All blond, all tall, with enough length of leg among them for six mortals. One of them, the stalkiest, is Veruschka. Theirs is the beauty that only comes off with brains behind it, that is enlightened by ideas and talents ticking along under looks. These sisters are an intensely close family, even when oceans of geographic space divide them. Their hub is their mother's house in deep country outside of Munich. Like their mother they spill interests. They paint. They sew. They design. They write. One is a jeweller. One is making a film. Two are married; one with two sons. Shortly before their father, Count Heinrich von Lehndorff, was executed in 1944 for his part in a plot against Hitler's life, he wrote to his wife and children: "The verse chosen for me at my confirmation, 'Watch ye, stand ye fast in the faith, quit ye like men,' shall be my guide to the last." A heritage for four daughters. Possibly what powers their beauty is an energy of faith.

FOUR SISTERS, *they are, from left to right, the young Countesses Catharina and Vera (who is known as Veruschka) von Lehndorff, Frau Marie Eleonora von Haeften, and Baroness Gabriela von Plotho.*





READY, SET, GLOW

Change your image

Take this young narcissist, new girl in New York. Out of Brush, Colorado, via Berkeley. Red of head, promising journalist, displayer of forbidding energy. Nonetheless: exactly one year after she received the key to the city, she abruptly decided that the high, wide, and handsome life she'd lovingly learned to lead was perhaps a metre too wide. Not only were her intellectual horizons broadening—but certain other crucial spots, too.

She took her case to a psychiatrist, a doctor who seemed to have a unique way of straightening out the looks-vexing problems of Beautiful People. She wanted to lose fifteen pounds. He wanted her to write down, as honestly as she could bring herself to, a few days' typical menus of food and drink. This was easy to do, and his advice was easy to take. "Eliminate all bread, but aside from that follow your regular eating and drinking pattern. Alter it only in this respect. Cut in half your intake of anything you know to be high in carbohydrates. *Have* it, but half it. For instance, half a baked potato instead of a whole one, and therefore half of the sour cream you have with it. Accept the cocktail before dinner, the wine with dinner—but leave half of it in the glass." He predicted (accurately, as it turned out) that she would lose eight pounds the first week of this régime, and this all seemed an eminently satisfactory way to go about unbroadening. Then the doctor got down to nuts—and jolts.

"To take off weight permanently, to maintain lifetime slenderness, you must," he said, "change your image. Your image of yourself. And your image of the image you suspect other people have of you. You must stop picturing yourself as enjoying excessive amounts of food and drink. Because you don't. You neither need nor derive pleasure from the surplus. . . . Practise this little exercise twice a day. Close your eyes and tell yourself that you are a moderate person. For three minutes, imagine yourself enjoying a little good food, maybe one superb drink—and being content to relish that, to realize that further eating or drinking would spoil the effect, would be destructive to your slender image. . . . But keep to yourself the fact that you are taking steps to change your self-portrait. To admit it to other people is to state that your improvement efforts are still foreign to you, not to be thought of as a part of you. And this makes it easy for you to revert to your problem state. Just as it does an A.A. graduate who has been telling his friends all along, 'I am an alcoholic.' When he slips, he's merely living up to his image." . . . Properly practised, this alters for the better the meaning of the word "narcissism." Fall in love with your own image. You are non-fat, you are non-smoker, you are non-everything-bad. You are in fact beautiful. Unlike the Greek chap who gave narcissism its dubious name and fame, you don't pine away and die for love of yourself. You *live* for love of all you can be. . . . Demonstrated here and on the next nineteen pages: one face, twenty different images accomplished by makeup. We pursue, next page, the new freedom of beauty image.

BEAUTY'S NEW IMAGE—OPENING WITH BLACK

The beauty: Just the thing to keep within pampered arms' reach—a fluffy concoction so full of the good things of life your skin gleams silkily from shoulder to fingertip . . . Estée Lauder's Hand and Arm Creme.

Satin-banded gazar arches to mid-back in an open arabesque curve—revealing skin as gloriously bare as each glistening arm. Short dinner dirndl by Richard Tam; Abraham silk. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Lou Lattimore; I. Magnin. Adolfo turban.

...change your image

Change your body. "The body comes before the face," said a graduate student of the scene. "When the body's made faultless, the face follows with its own study of perfection. The discriminating diet, the neat balance of rest and exercise, the exhilaration expressed in carriage—these inevitably reflect in the exuberant face, the clear eye, the shining hair." . . . Master the confident walk. It's measured, exact, fluid. Legs work from hip to toe. Back straight, teach your hips to move forward smoothly, without jerking, ribs and shoulders free and flexible as if they were held to your hips only by your spine. Muscle tension will make the neck stiff, the back rigid, the shoulders and arms tight. A woman full of apprehension or depression can not walk like a woman who feels warm about the world. . . . Don't just walk. Trot, canter, gallop. "Sometimes you have to make up excuses to run," Suzanne Chaffee, the pale-haired Olympic ski beauty told us. "Run to the airplane, run to the taxi. People will think you're late for something, and forgive you." . . . When you can't enjoy the cardio-pulmonary beneficence of outdoor jogging, everybody and his brother is making it difficult for you not to do it indoors. Abercrombie & Fitch would have us believe that their new indoor jogging device delivers the same result as the outdoor jog—in half the time. . . . Re-zone your point of beauty view. New beauty zones project new images of beauty. With luminously articulate hands. With spectacular feet. With a natty nape of neck, with a splendidly defined collarbone. The stomach, once discussed among only the closest of friends, now gets prime time in beauty conversations—and in Vogue's Eye View, this issue. A woman formerly driven to tears and artifice by a bosom she considered minute can, in 1968, cheerfully make capital of it. . . . Change your face. Makeup is part of today's communication. Emphasizer, filler-in, cover-up, highlighter, colourist, it tells who and how you want to be—this moment. Open up your eyes with under-eye makeup. Mascara on the under-lash, liner on the lower lid extending out toward the temple. Less colour on the upper eye. . . . Make a big thing of your mouth. Change its image from tight-lipped to expansive, mobile. Do as Marisa Berenson does. Outline it with a blunt brown eyeliner pencil. Fill in the rest of the mouth so that it is very shiny. Then, using the pencil as lipstick, go over the gloss. . . . Trying to explain to herself why French women have mouths so much more expressive than we do, an observer mused: "The French say *chérie*. What do we say? *Dear*. They say *au revoir*. We say *'bye*." In France they do this exercise. Say "O," then say "X"— that's "eeks" in French. On "eeks," every muscle of the mouth and chest should be contracted. . . . Shake your very foundations. What was right for your yesteryear skin is not necessarily right for tomorrow. Re-examine your foundation's position. . . . Be a narcissist. Dress to please yourself and your audience, with the full knowledge that we've arrived at a time when dress and sex have little relationship to each other. The long-haired chap with the pretty beads and the velvet jacket might be the most avid girl-watcher on the block. And the girl who stirs him up the most might be that totally feminine creature passing by in her city pants suit. In beauty, 1968, the only look that's out of fashion is the look that clearly overlooks our new freedom of choice. . . .

Coq coif, coq ruff, coq cuffs raising a snowstorm of coquetry over white wool—the gigot-sleeved tunic buttoning straight to the thigh and to the white tights beneath. Turnout by Rudi Gernreich. About $215. Plumage: Layne Nielson for Rudi Gernreich. All, Bonwit Teller. Earrings: Layne Nielson for Rudi Gernreich.

PURE WHITE COQUETRY—IN BEAUTY'S IMAGE

The beauty: Preened by the guile of Liqui-Creme, the newborn Charles of the Ritz makeup collection. Base for this face: Liqui-Creme foundation, a fine-feathered friend that covers up for you and lets your good points show through. Liqui-Creme Gala Rose lipstick makes the new big thing of the mouth. Translucent pressed powder —Feather Touch happens to be its name—goes on like peach bloom and goes where you do in a compact as good as gold and almost as real.







Greige mink—unexpected image of a dinner coat

Pale mink buttons straight down the back from cowled band to just short of the knee —a dinner coat taking its lines from those of a long-sleeved dress. By Ben Kahn, in Saga Shadow Pearl mink from Scandinavia. At Gidding-Jenny; I. Magnin; Creed's of Toronto. Headband by Adolfo, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus. Necklace by Michael Hic. Gloves by Aris. Moiré silk slippers by Mademoiselle.

The beauty: Skin suffused with a twilight mist of colour, veiling the lids with brush-on shadow pale as amethyst air; violet rose on the lips—Fantasia Mauve is the name of both shadow and lipstick, Princess Marcella Borghese's two radiant new shades glowing together for evening here.

AVEDON



Bolero dress—image of scarlet and gold

A little bolero gallooned in gold—one of this winter's prettiest ways to seek cover—over a matching scarlet wool dress, its gold-gallooned bodice no wider than a tiny Empire bandeau. Dinner turnout by Murray Nieman for Hannah Troy, in Ordelaine wool loomed in America. At Lord & Taylor; Stanley Korshak; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Adolfo headband at Saks Fifth Avenue. Shoes by David Evins.

The beauty. A complexion so fragile it appears almost innocent of makeup, grey green shading the eyes, a pale peach tinge playing over the lips—Eve of Roma's new Patina green shadow and a frosted lipstick that is simply called "G." The coiffure is by Ellen Kulesa of Nan Orcel.

AVEDON



THE IMAGE OF BEAUTY— HOODED, TURBANED

Black wool crêpe, *this page*, in a dazzling flow of shape—a long dress with a halter neckline, high waist, a hood that folds around the head and falls nearly to the waist. By Trigère. At Bergdorf Goodman; Stanley Korshak; Neiman-Marcus; J. W. Robinson. Snake armbands of black enamel, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, diamonds, from the collection of Harry Winston. Coiffure, Ellen Kulesa of Nan Orcel. Golden frame for a beautiful face. *Opposite*, a turban for evening, for brocade. Shimmering gold mesh wrapped close as a skullcap, and floating free on one shoulder. By Adolfo. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus.

The beauty | For a slick new mouth, a lipstick fast on the draw – Topless lipstick, in a case that blinks open or closed like an eye, works with one hand. Ingenious, neat, instant – no separate cap to fumble. Contains semi-transparent and pearlized lipstick. In twelve new colours; this one, Coral 2. By Coty.

AVEDON




AVEDON

EVENING GLEAMS THE IMAGE OF BEAUTY

Djellaba imagery, *left*—a regal sweep of shape cut from heavenly fabric—air-light brocade showered with gleams of silver, lavender, black, a sky of blues. By Geoffrey Beene; brocade of acetate, polyester, nylon (Ducharne fabric). Adolfo head band. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Anne Glaser necklace. Emerald entrance, *right*—a magnificent coat with its small waist wrapped in a high belt gleaming with silver threads, green stones; a long gored skirt in a wide flourish to the floor. By Patrullo-Jo Copeland of Angki wool, loomed in America. At Bonwit Teller. Tiara veil by Mentchetti. Arm gloves, Evelyn Schless shoes; to order at Lord & Taylor. On both pages: coiffures by Ellen Kuker of Vaz Dyed.

The beauty: Golden veil, golden face, touched with a creamy makeup stick called Golden Glow that rims, gilds. By John Robert Powers.





SHORT DRESS, LONGER COAT: EVENING'S DOUBLE IMAGE

Black velvet, *left*, splendidly simple as a young czar's tunic—gallooned in gold from throatband to hem. By Marie McCarthy and Larry Aldrich; acetate and rayon velvet. Bergdorf Goodman; Bramson; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Charles Elkaim hair ornament: Henri Bendel. Bewitching stockings. White wool, *right*, dashing along the lines drawn up by Napoleon—from campaign collar to nine-tenths length. By Originala; Anglo wool loomed in America. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Dayton's; Hudson's.

The beauty: Glowing in the night, a complexion so luminously fresh it can only reflect just-fledged beauty—that's the Miss Ritz Mask for you, if your age is as refreshingly young as all that too . . . although, when something as good as this comes along, it also tempts those of us over twenty-eight to cheat a bit on our age.

AVEDON



Out on quite a limb-leggy new images

Legging this season's newest pants pitch—the tailored jump suit with a jacket, *left:* pitch-black satin for the snug sleeveless jump skimming down past a high wrapped waist, pitch-black wool for the straight little jacket skimming down past notched revers. By Gustave Tassell; Lesur wool. At Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Joske's, Houston; I. Magnin. Paul Goren comb. David Evins shoes: to order, I. Miller. Coiffure: Ellen Kulesa of Nan Orcel. Shadow-plaid turnout, *above right,* really limbing it up—big grey-and-black wool puffs of coat bounced thigh-high over plaided bloomers and a transparent black silk chiffon dress. Bird's eye tweed culottes, *below right,* great puffs of charcoal-and-white limbering things up from thigh to waist—stripling bands of the tweed overlaid on the transparent black silk chiffon top. In wool, nylon, Fibranne. Both turnouts by Rudi Gernreich. Hats by Layne Neilson for Rudi Gernreich. All, at Bonwit Teller. Earrings: Layne Neilson for Rudi Gernreich. Rudi Gernreich tights. Capezio shoes. Short dinner dress, *far right:* creamy Chantilly lace ziganned with gypsy gold—a glittering rush around the little bodice and the ruffled cuffs of long full sleeves. By Wilson Folmar; cotton and nylon lace. About $235. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; Sanger-Harris; J. W. Robinson. Adolfo scarfed turban. Cadoro earrings at Bonwit Teller. Kayser tights. Shoes by Newton Elkin.

The beauty: Just the sort of thing a woman's skin should be quite firm about having—a moisturizer that aims to hold the line against age while keeping the complexion water-lily fresh at all hours... Irma Shorell's Moisture/35.

AVEDON





RENAISSANCE IMAGES – SHORT AND SPLENDID

Short dinner dress, *left:* apricot bronze, and gold magnificence, lozenged in rich *broccato* relief and rimmed in a jewelled blaze, curves ever so slightly beneath narrowly set sleeves. Fly-front dress by Geoffrey Beene, in wool, nylon, and Lurex (Verron fabric). At Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Harzfeld's; Sakowitz. Renaissance headband by Stanley Hagler. Short dinner coat, *right:* yards of galloon braid, worked with a goldsmith's skill, masks a flaring length of scarlet in gleaming baroque frieze. Double-breasted coat by Ben Reig, in cotton, rayon, and metal (Gourdon fabric). At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Headband by Tinsel Trading. Aris gloves, on both pages, at Lord & Taylor.

The beauty: Newest thing under the moon . . . a nightly treatment cream not only new in itself but containing a never-before ingredient to help duplicate natural elements in the skin — the very good reason why Germaine Monteil's Acti-Vita Cream can work, while the world's asleep, to properly stimulate circulation and really give the complexion something to glow about. Coiffures by Hugh Harrison.

AVEDON





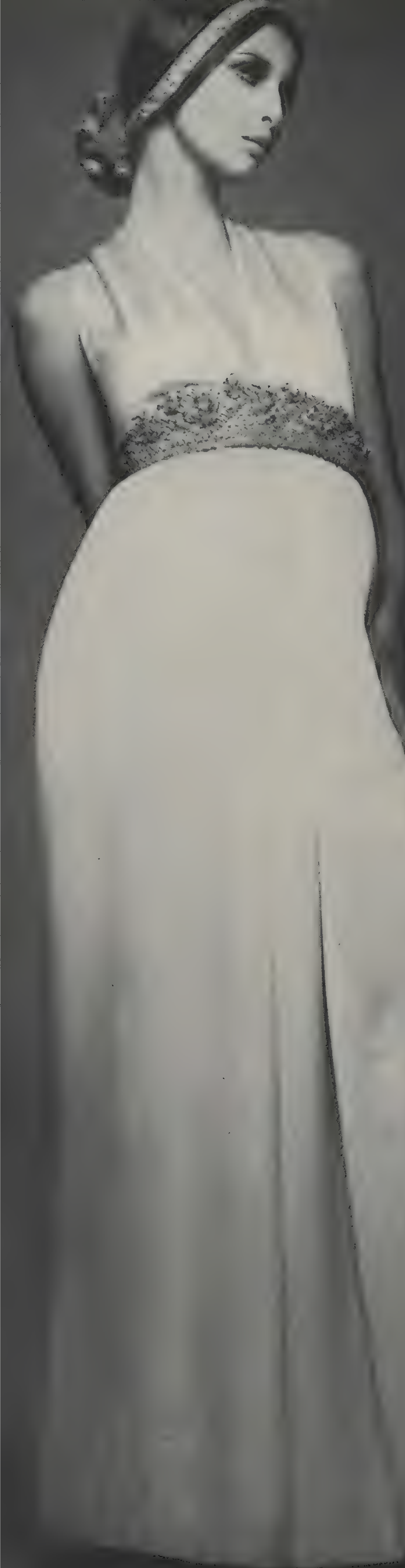
PURE IMAGES OF BEAUTY— SHORT DRESS, LONG CULOTTES

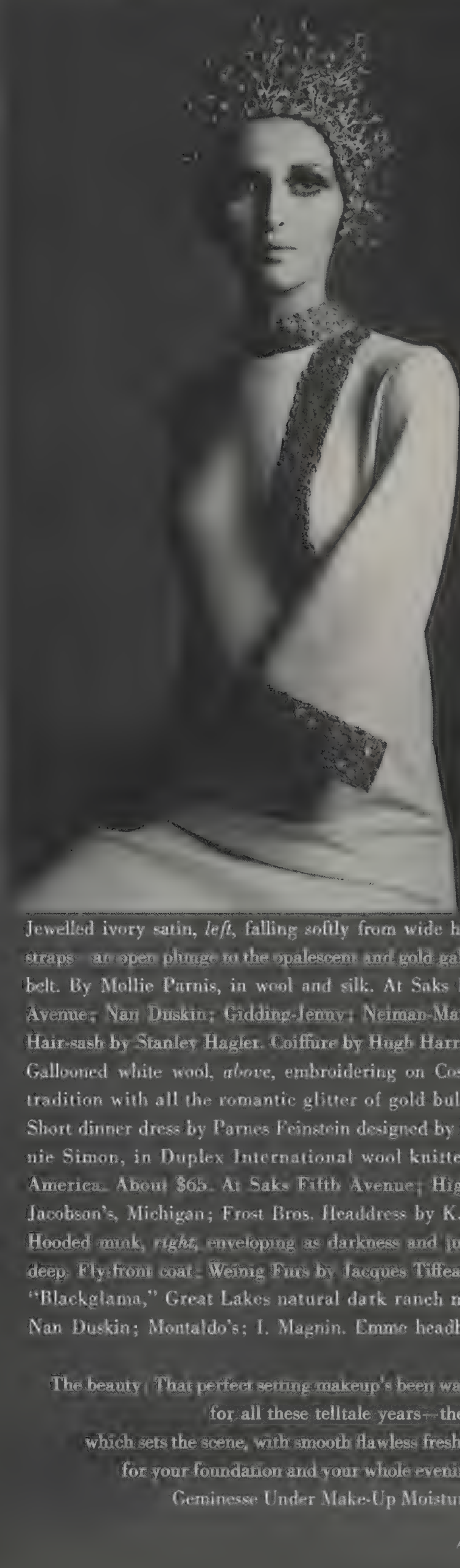
Pure black, *left:* crêpe baring a beautiful expanse of skin and slipping past a high waist—one of the purest, gentlest curves ever seen going out at night. By Sarmi, in rayon crêpe. About $160. At Bonwit Teller, Lou Lar timore; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Adolfo turban. Pure white, *right:* a clean unbroken sway of jersey—voluminous rushes from a sleeveless cowled height, dinner culottes circling out for yards and yards around each leg. By Lotte, in Trevira (Jasco fabric). About $190. Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. Scarfed turban by Adolfo; to order, Saks Fifth Avenue.

The beauty: A romantic flower-tossed trail
few men can resist following—
as a glance back over the shoulder
would be only too quick to confirm...
the pure ravishment of
Evyan's great White Shoulders perfume.



the IMAGE OF BEAUTY— GALLOONED, HOODED





Jewelled ivory satin, *left*, falling softly from wide halter straps at open plunge to the opalescent and gold galloon belt. By Mollie Parnis, in wool and silk. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus. Hair-sash by Stanley Hagler. Coiffure by Hugh Harrison. Gallooned white wool, *above*, embroidering on Cossack tradition with all the romantic glitter of gold bullion. Short dinner dress by Parnes Feinstein designed by Ronnie Simon, in Duplex International wool knitted in America. About $65. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee; Jacobson's, Michigan; Frost Bros. Headdress by K.J.L. Hooded mink, *right*, enveloping as darkness and just as deep. Fly-front coat. Weinig Furs by Jacques Tiffeau in "Blackglama," Great Lakes natural dark ranch mink. Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Emme headband.

The beauty | That perfect setting makeup's been waiting
for all these telltale years—the one
which sets the scene, with smooth flawless freshness,
for your foundation and your whole evening—
Geminesse Under Make-Up Moisturizer.

AVEDON



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The twists of imperialism, facing West. . . . The pace of the Presidential campaigns, slinging into their roughest month. . . . Unease, and the comment by Pearl Bailey in her just published autobiography, *The Raw Pearl:* "Sometimes you think the whole world is falling, and it's only yourself that's leaning." . . . The fault line cracking between the press and the police, anywhere. . . . Shirley Verrett, singing her first *Carmen* at the Metropolitan Opera in New York, a rôle she handles with a passionate assurance of voice and spirit.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Hot Millions,* a wholly funny movie with Peter Ustinov as an embezzler who can lick computers and looks like a sleazy-eyed koala bear, and Maggie Smith, who plays the redheaded secretarial fool better than any actress since Lucille Ball. . . . The towering Renaissance frescoes marvellously transported from Italy, in the exhibition at New York's Metropolitan Museum, "The Great Age of Fresco: Giotto to Pontormo."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *A Poet and His Camera,* the new book by Gordon Parks, who has spun his poems and his photographs together to suggest a good dream, always beautiful, sometimes elusive. . . . Laura Nyro, a twenty-year-old girl who, in her recent album, *Eli and the Thirteenth Confession,* sings and plays her soul-hybrid songs slightly like gutsy madrigals with guitar. . . . The word "together," now an adjective that sooner or later defines itself: Aretha Franklin's singing is together, Jim Morrison's is not; Snoopy is together, Charlie Brown is not.

ART POWER: DR. BATES LOWRY, the new director of The Museum of Modern Art in New York, has, in his museum, an embarrassment: riches. The treasure of collections built up especially by Alfred H. Barr, Jr., and the late René d'Harnoncourt; the lodes of photographs, films, posters; the veins of gifts to this extraordinary museum which, since it opened in 1929, has grown almost too famous. There it all is. Now what? Now, Dr. Lowry, a tall, crisp man, who speaks with the Papa Bear calm of a person who has been under pressure so long he has stopped noticing it. A superb administrator, he has pulled a singular feeling of common interest from the museum's crosscutting departments. He has added strong new curators—and kept the strong established curators happy. To get his régime going, he threw a week-long "think-in" for his staff at his summer place near Lake Champlain. Setting a dead-run pace, he tidily summarized from memory the meetings as they went along. "Are there things we should be doing that we are not doing?" he asked. The results suggest that the museum will put on more, and more experimental, small exhibitions, and interdepartmental programs using only the museum's resources. More. Faster. Dr. Lowry demolishes mental walls. His tailoring looks conservative only at first glance. His head-on pragmatism only occasionally obscures his humour. With his wife and two daughters he forms a close but not closed corporation. Born in Cincinnati, educated (Ph.B., M.A., and Ph.D.) at the University of Chicago, he came to the museum from Brown University where he headed the art department and became one of the founders of CRIA, the emergency organization snap-invented with Dr. Lowry's usual speed to help to save Italian art after the Florence floods. "A museum should aid people in enjoying a work of art," said Dr. Lowry, who was photographed here in the museum near Brancusi's white marble "Maïastra" on a carved limestone pedestal. "I hate the word 'education.' It implies there are ways to learn about art other than through the work of art. There is no way *except* through enjoyment, through the work of art."

BRANCUSI SCULPTURE: KATHERINE S. DREIER BEQUEST

BRUCE DAVIDSON



Pinned to history by its geography, flourishing ground for Europe's arts, crossroads for Europe's stratagems of power, victim that resists being victimized, Czechoslovakia has remained its own country, unique, beautiful, harrowed. It reflects the people: wry, wary, brave, unsurprised but unsapped—scarred lovers in love with their land. Here, the celebrated arcades of Telč, the most memorable of the Renaissance towns of the Bohemian-Moravian highlands.



CZECHOSLOVAKIA REMEMBERED

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CECIL BEATON, SIX PAGES OF IMAGES THAT HELD HIM: FLAKES OF THE PAST, RESONANCES OF SERENITY AND GRANDEUR, HALLMARKS OF A STRONGLY INDIVIDUAL LAND



CECIL BEATON

CZECHOSLOVAKIA REMEMBERED

JIRI MUCHA, novelist, journalist, film writer, was photographed *above,* in his Prague house filled with paintings and posters by his father, Alphonse Mucha, one of the most influential of all Art Nouveau designers. During World War II, Jiri Mucha, whom Stephen Spender called "one of our allies who always lifted our hearts," served in London as an officer in the Czech division of the Free French Army. Returned to his country he was arrested in 1951 on a charge of espionage and suffered, with unbroken nerve, unbent dignity, months of solitary confinement followed by years of hard labour. The diary of his first year of imprisonment in the coal mines, *Living and Partly Living*, has just been published in the United States by McGraw-Hill.

THE MOST REVEREND FRANTIŠEK TOMÀŠEK, *right,* imprisoned by the Communists from 1951 to 1961, has been the acting head of the Roman Catholic Church in Czechoslovakia during the forced exile of Josef Cardinal Beran. Photographed in the Archbishop's palace in Prague, Bishop Tomàšek, at sixty-nine a man of persisting courage, headed the thrust for the restoration of the Church's freedom, a thrust that had come breathtakingly close to success this spring when in an Easter sermon the Bishop asked Czechoslovakians to "forgive those who have sinned against you."



CECIL BEATON

CZECHOSLOVAKIA REMEMBERED

In Prague, the misty splendour of Charles Bridge spanning the Vltava River, with, on the horizon, Gothic spires of the Cathedral of St. Vitus rising from the vast complex of Hradčany Castle. *Left:* Flowers at the doorway of a small house where Franz Kafka may have worked on *The Trial,* in the Golden Lane of the alchemists.



LONG, COVERED, MAGNIFICENT...
GREAT EVENINGS
IN THE AMERICAN CUSTOM

ERIC

For the great evenings glimmering ahead: beautiful, glimmering dresses, long, covered—and a jewel-belted pants ensemble, next page—all made to order by two of America's great custom designers. ...Pale, mist-pink chiffon, *left;* skirt full, gathered, floaty...turtle-neck top drenched in pearly beading. Schreiner earrings. Magnificent gypsy dress, *right,* in black silk, to whirl through a thousand evenings...the dirndl skirt, flared sleeves awhirl with red, white, and black satin bands, golden embroidery, beading. K. J. L. earrings and ring. Necklace by Calabro for Palacio. Pins on necklaces by Apex Art. Margaret Jerrold black velvet pumps (jewelled buckles added). Both dresses by Eric, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

BERT STERN

SEQUINNED
CHIFFON OVER
BROWN SATIN...
JEWEL-BELTED
EVENING PYJAMAS

SOPHIE

Two of Sophie's marvellous evening costumes—as always, completely feminine and luxurious....White chiffon overblouse, *left,* embroidered with delicate sunbursts of golden and silvery sequins—falling easily over a long dark-brown satin skirt, gathered, panelled. Earrings by de Cremieux of Albert Weiss. Bracelet and ring by Hattie Carnegie. Delicious salmon-pink silk crêpe evening pyjamas, *right*—luxuriously wide pants, a shirt like Tolstoy's peasant blouse, full-sleeved, high-necked... caught by a great jewelled belt. Pyjamas of Staron silk crêpe. Earrings by Mimi di N. Belt by K. J. L. Both costumes by Sophie; both, made to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.

BERT STERN





EVENINGS:
A LITTLE BARENESS,
A LITTLE COVER,
AND A SHIMMER OF
PAILLETTES

NORELL

Norell shows skin, Norell covers up—Norell, as always, suits every mood for evening.... *Right:* In black wool crêpe, the cape collar comes full circle over a bodice so tiny it's hardly worth mentioning. After that, just a mermaid-flare of skirt—and triumph for the woman with a really beautiful midriff. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. *Far left:* One of Norell's marvellous long dinner suits in a heavenly soft, pale-blue wool. This year, over the sleeveless dress—a very small jacket with a very large cape collar. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Rich's; I. Magnin. *Near left:* The knock-'em-dead shirt and skirt. Gooseneck pullover in chocolate-brown silk jersey and a matching reed of a skirt slathered in golden paillettes. Bonwit Teller; Saks-34th; I. Magnin. The coiffures, by Suga of Kenneth,

BERT STERN





THE TOPS: CAPE COLLARS ON SHAPED COATS, FULL COATS WITH WIDE ROUNDED COLLARS

NORELL

With Norell, you always know where you stand: in the most beautifully cut clothes a woman could wear, that's where; every line—from the turn of a collar to the set of a sleeve to the placing of a pocket—rings with the pride of great tailoring and the charm of perfect simplicity.... *Left, right, and above:* several views of two new Norell coats for day; on the next four pages, more day and evening looks from his autumn and winter collection. *The cape collar,* large and circular on a marvellously seamed and shaped double-breasted beige wool coat with narrow, six-buttoned sleeves. Worn over a short-sleeved black wool jersey dress with one of Norell's new gooseneck collars—really up there on the throat and close as can be. Coat: Bonwit Teller; Rich's; L. S. Ayres; Woolf Brothers; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. *The fuller coat,* in the background left, foreground, above—grey wool with width starting high under the arms, flaring gently to the hem; the wide rounded collar revealing the gooseneck collar of a pink wool jersey dress underneath. Coat: Lord & Taylor; Stanley Korshak; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

The Norell that's unseen, but not unfelt...the impact of a brand-new perfume—his very first, and just as exciting as the name implies: Norell.

BERT STERN

What every woman dreams of wearing—forever: a little black suit from Norell, nothing more than perfection in the colour of the year. *Opposite page:* The cape-collared black wool suit—a bit of peplum flare to the double-breasted jacket, making a pretty curve over a sleeveless dirndl dress. At Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin. *Right:* The three-piece suit—black wool plus a gooseneck pullover of menthe-green wool jersey underneath. Double-breasted jacket with a wide notched collar, black patent leather belt; skirt with a panel front. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. *Below, centre:* The little black wool suit that's easy as a two-piece dress—mandarin-collared jacket, buttoned up high and well-belted above the soft gathered skirt. At Evelyn Byrnes; Julius Garfinckel; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.

THE BLACK SUITS: CAPE COLLAR HERE, WIDE BELT THERE, A GOOSENECK PULL

NORELL

BERT STERN



Pants for Paris nights

From the city of lights and glittering nights comes a wave of nocturnal new ways to wear pants, all aglow here and on the following two pages. **CARDIN,** left: delightful Turkish pyjamas in poison-green crêpe—squared, bared top hung from a sparkling harness, repeat sparkle at the waist, big green diamond-cut sequins surrounded by diamanté chips... and pants cut like a dhoti—full and flowing—with holes for feet to slip through. Staron fabric. Pearl-studded silvery evening sandals by Villon. **RICCI,** right: black pailletted tunic with black satin sleeves, a pailletted ruff of collar—nonstop shimmer over straight black satin pants. Abraham fabric. Maxandre stockings. Shoes: Fiorentina for Ricci. The fabrics on both these pages, of Qiana—Du Pont's new nylon fibre with the look and luxury of silk, introduced this season by the Paris couture.

PENN

Pants for Paris nights



LANVIN, far left: glittering evening turnout of black chenille shot with golden threads—the little cardigan banded with a crunch of gilt, jewels, and silken loops; the pants—straight, wide, and belted. Bucol fabric woven with Lurex. Rings: Desbruères, Lina Baretti, Gripoix. Mancini shoes. **UNGARO,** left, above: black velvet tunic-jacket over adorable little pantaloon-britches of white cotton sateen and black velvet going around with black-and-white embroidery... charming with black tights and velvet slippers with big black velvet bows. Tights by Ungaro. Shoes: Roger Vivier for Ungaro. **LANVIN,** right: a dashing white satin shirt takes the plunge to a wide black suède belt over black fake-leather gaucho pants studded with golden nailheads and jet-and-gilt sequins in a flower-plaid design. Shirt—of Qiana, Du Pont's new silk-like nylon fibre (Staron satin)—at Bergdorf Goodman. Necklaces and shoe buckles by Lina Baretti. Rings by Scemama, Desbruères. Shoes by Mancini for Lanvin. The coiffures on these and the two preceding pages are by Carita.

PENN

The special style of

SPAIN

for tailored days, gleaming nights

Excitement in this year's Spanish collections, these splendid cuts of clothes.... Coats with the purest tailoring, dashing shapes, fine-point details. Evening looks in great sweeps of black, of glitter. All, photographed at the Alhambra, in Granada. ***ELIO BERHANYER,*** this page. All curve and craftmanship, a coat of double-faced wool—the fabric ideally suited to Spanish tailors' expertise in cutting, seaming, shaping. This, olive-green in a longer mid-calf length with an oval plastron, oval elbow patches, curved cuffs, side-slit hem. Everything, outlined in welt seams. Matching pants to the knee and high-collared overblouse. Of Oleart fabric. At I. Magnin. Shoes by Roger Vivier. Background here: the Rotunda of the Palace of Carlos V. ***PERTEGAZ,*** opposite. The George Sand coat in dark-brown wool velours—long, well below mid-calf, with a rippled cape collar, three gold-coloured frogs. Shown over a matching tunic with chiffon sleeves, long glacé boots—which see, on the next page. At Jordan Marsh, Boston; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro. Roger Vivier boots. Coiffures, these and the next four pages, by Pierre Henri of Saks Fifth Avenue. Photographed at El Mexuar, a room of the Alhambra patterned in stone, wood, and sunlight.


HENRY CLARKE

More on the special style of

SPAIN

PERTEGAZ, right. Tunic of dark-brown wool velours with brown chiffon sleeves and bow-tie. Over brown glacé boots long as legs. This, the completion of the George Sand coat shown on the previous page. At Jordan Marsh, Boston; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro. Roger Vivier boots. Another completion: the first Pertegaz perfume—a subtle floral slant called Diagonal.

ELIO BERHANYER, opposite. Great tailoring in curves—a coat of double-faced wool, green plaid faced to black. Flat cape-back collar, round pockets, curved-up seaming at the back of the hem. Of Cadena fabric. At Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Shoes by Roger Vivier. At the Alhambra's North Colonnade, in the Court of the Myrtles.

HENRY CLARKE



The special style of

SPAIN

at night



CARMEN MIR, above right. Black silk gabardine for a long evening dress with a big pouf of collar, princesse shape, tiny sleeves, a great rustle of full skirt. ***PEDRO ROVIRA,*** right. Black over bareness—a long evening dress of black wool crêpe, low at the ribs and back; black paper taffeta for a band over the bosom, a big flat bow. Both backgrounds, this page: the Alhambra's Court of the Lions. ***PERTEGAZ,*** opposite. A glittering gold and silver caftan textured like gleaming grass, a ruff of golden roses at the neck. Gatora fabric, of Lurex threads. At I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro. Roger Vivier shoes. The spectacular marble and tile—El Mirador de Lindaraja, at the Alhambra.



COMEDY: A SHARP-

starring:

JULES FEIFFER JAMES GOLDMAN

NEIL SIMON JEAN KERR ABE BURROWS

with

OTIS L. GUERNSEY, JR.

The scene is the reception room of the Dramatists Guild (an organization of playwrights, composers, and librettists including those who write the Broadway shows) in the penthouse suite atop the Sardi building on West 44th Street, overlooking New York's theatre district, a paper-airplane glide from all the Broadway hits.

The time is the present, a warm and sunny afternoon.

Grouped in a circle around a large coffee table in this dramatists' reception room are the following five celebrated authors of stage comedy:

NEIL SIMON, *author of the hit* Plaza Suite, *co-starring George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton at the Plymouth Theatre. A little more than a year ago, Simon had* four *shows running simultaneously*—Barefoot in the Park, The Odd Couple, Sweet Charity, *and* The Star-Spangled Girl—*and all of them were hits.*

JEAN KERR, *author of theatre works including the comedies* King of Hearts, Mary, Mary, *and* Poor Richard *and of articles including the collection* Please Don't Eat the Daisies, *which inspired a movie and a TV series. Mrs. Kerr is married to Walter Kerr, the Sunday drama critic of* The New York Times.

JAMES GOLDMAN, *author of* The Lion in Winter, *a caustic comedy about Henry II and Eleanor of Aquitaine, played two seasons ago in the Broadway theatre by Robert Preston and Rosemary Harris and coming back to New York October 30 in a movie version starring Peter O'Toole and Katharine Hepburn. Goldman's next is the musical* The Girls Upstairs, *with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, to be produced this season.*

JULES FEIFFER, *artist and satirist whose cartoon-and-caption vignettes appear in the* Village Voice, *the* New York Post, *and everywhere else in the world, and whose stage comedy* Little Murders *was produced in 1967 in New York (with controversy) and London (with considerable success). Feiffer's new play, a political satire entitled* God Bless, *is to be produced in New Haven this fall by the Yale Drama School.*

ABE BURROWS, *author of the durable comedy hit* Cactus Flower, *Pulitzer Prize winning co-author of the book for* How To Succeed in Business Without Really Trying, *author of* Can-Can *and co-author of* Guys and Dolls, Silk Stockings, *and* Say, Darling, *and director of many shows. The full extent of Burrows's uncredited work in assisting shows in the writing and/or direction is unknowable even to Burrows himself.*

The five playwrights are seated on sofas and chairs near a tall marble mantelpiece whose single ornament is a tiny autographed snapshot of George Bernard Shaw, one of the first European members of the Dramatists Guild. They are relaxed, freewheeling. . . .

Present with the five authors is Otis L. Guernsey, Jr., editor of The Dramatists Guild Quarterly *(and the critic who has the last word on each Broadway season as editor of the "Best Plays" series of theatre yearbooks). The* Quarterly *is the dramatists' intercom of playwright-to-playwright articles and discussions, and the five authors have assembled primarily as a contribution to its pages.*

Guernsey could not be called a moderator, for this discussion (without an audience) is clearly intended to be an immoderately expert consideration of the state of the comedy art. Rather, he is to act as a referee to make sure the ball stays in the court.

Guernsey looks up at the Shaw photograph, then turns to the playwrights and speaks distinctly the word "Comedy." Instantly there occurs a taut silence, as of greyhounds among whom a live rabbit has just been flung. . . .

GUERNSEY: What is comedy? Why do you write comedy as you do? *(Pause.)* Why has comedy expanded to fill the whole theatre nowadays, so that they can even change the point of view on *Hamlet* and present it in a comedy context?

MRS. KERR: They didn't find comedy in that *Hamlet.*

SIMON: What are you talking about, the Joseph Papp production?

BURROWS: No, he's talking about Liederkranz and Baumgartner.

MRS. KERR: I don't agree with what Otis said, do you?

FEIFFER: No.

MRS. KERR: I think comedy is disappearing under a seriousness posed as comedy.

GUERNSEY: Do you mean humour is disappearing, or comedy? Are comedy and humour the same thing? *(Glances again at the photo on the mantel.)* Shaw once said, "Comedy is the fine art of disillusion."

CORNERED ROUND-TABLE DISCUSSION

BURROWS: That's a terrible line.

GOLDMAN: I'll tell you what I think comedy is, because I had to consider it for a Sunday piece I once did for Walter Kerr. There was this awful pressure, asking myself, "Well, my God, what is it?" The best I could do is this: Comedy doesn't have anything to do with laughter at all. It comes out of the author's general attitude toward life. One writes a comedy or a tragedy because one believes that existence is either a sad or a funny business. It's this that informs the kind of writing you do. Laughter in comedy is merely a part of style and device, just as tears have more to do with *The Winslow Boy*, or something like that, than they have to do with Shakespearean or Greek tragedy. What is *essentially* comedy comes out of whether or not you see our position in life and our endeavours and relationships with other people and to our environment as funny or sad.

Pause.

The important point is, what lies underneath comedy isn't *serious*. What lies underneath is *funny*.

BURROWS: No, Goldman, no!

MRS. KERR: No! The thing underneath is *sad*.

GOLDMAN: No, I think it's funny.

GUERNSEY: What you're saying is, when smiling comedy takes off the smiling mask, down underneath—it's really funny?

GOLDMAN: Yes, I think so.

MRS. KERR: You can make anything funny just by duplicating it, as Walter pointed out in his book *Tragedy and Comedy*. If Oedipus on the way to Colonus met another king with his eyes out who has married his mother. . . .

GOLDMAN: Let me see if I can make what I'm trying to say clearer. I think the basic material in *Hamlet* is funny, because I see it that way. Now, Shakespeare saw it differently and wrote a tragic play. But to me Hamlet, a man who is as much driven as he is immobilized, is a funny guy. And his problem is a comic problem. Given that material, I'd have written a comic play. I also think the basic material in *King Lear* is funny.

BURROWS: Yeah, it's a show about a housing shortage.

GOLDMAN: I'm not talking about what the artist *did* with it, I'm talking about what he started with.

BURROWS: Still frame. The point is, comedy is successful and downgraded.

MRS. KERR: Now, we're not going to waste any time talking about critics who are patronizing, are we?

BURROWS: No, but I don't think even Neil here gets the credit. . . .

GUERNSEY *(hastily)*: What we're trying to get at is, are comedy and humour the same thing?

BURROWS: Let me answer you this way: When I give lectures, I always go dry early and ask for questions. The first question I'm always asked is, "Mr. Burrows, haven't you ever wanted to write anything serious?" My answer is, "I write very seriously. But it comes out funny."

SIMON: I don't understand what it is they're missing, why they think you have to write out-and-out seriously.

FEIFFER: When *are* you going to write a serious play, Abe?

BURROWS: What they mean is, they resent and suspect levity. We're a Puritan nation. I don't care how many immigrants have come over, we're still a Puritan nation. Comedy is levity. Somehow or other, they feel that a comedy writer isn't taking the world seriously. When they come into an Arthur Williams play. . . .

GOLDMAN: Tennessee Miller.

SIMON: That's the cable address.

BURROWS: An Arthur Miller or a Tennessee Williams play, they come in hushed . . . careful. . . .

SIMON: You don't want them to come in hushed and careful to your comedy.

BURROWS: No, I don't. But they come to a Miller or a Williams play, and they say to themselves, "This is going to be marvellous, it's going to be *about* something." Comedy is levity. But I say this: The belly laugh that Neil gets, that Jean gets, that I get is bigger than any tear. When you laugh, you're helpless. You're absolutely lost. Now, I defy you to show me any place in a serious play where an audience is shaken that way.

SIMON: It may not be an overt action, but. . . .

MRS. KERR: In a good production of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, something hits you as hard as anything can hit you.

GUERNSEY: Jim has defined comedy as a point of view, Abe says it's levity. Present company excepted, what's your all-time favourite comedy?

SIMON: I really, truthfully can't say, because I'm afraid it would indicate that I have a special attitude towards comedy, and I don't. I take them as they come. There isn't any one particular style of comedy that I like. I like anything that is particularly good.

BURROWS: If it's good, it's funny. When I was a kid, before I went into show business, the thing that made me laugh the loudest was *Room Service*.

SIMON: If you ask me what are the *funniest* things that I recall, they are never plays, they are films. The funniest thing I ever saw in my life was *Modern Times*. I think my attitude has changed. Where I used to like verbal comedy, I don't like it as much now—but it has nothing to do with what I write, because I write verbally.

MRS. KERR: I would write *Summer and Smoke* if I could write it, but you can't necessarily do even bad copies of what you most admire.

SIMON: I think that I would like to write *Streetcar*. It's just my favourite play.

MRS. KERR: Every time I read about "our most distinguished playwright" and it's not Tennessee Williams, I get into a fever. He's our most distinguished playwright, even if he never again writes anything more important than a letter to his mother.

GUERNSEY: Jean, what's your favourite comedy?

MRS. KERR: *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and that's probably because I listen rather than look. I mean, physical comedy does not amuse me very much. You don't laugh *that* much at *Earnest*. It pleases your mind.

GOLDMAN: But it doesn't move you emotionally.

MRS. KERR: But to me it's magical, even though I wouldn't laugh a lot. Take Neil's *Plaza Suite*, for instance. I laughed out loud at the third play more than I (Continued on page 257)

NEW STRIPE OF MINK

New excitement in mink—mink striped with polished leather, mink striped with mink; mink patterned in leafy and herringbone designs.... BROWN LEATHER STRIPES, left, brown leather belt and buttons on dark-brown mink—a double-breasted coat, all worked in the round, with a deep notched collar and small cuffed sleeves. Coat, made to order, by Maximilian, of "Blackglama," Great Lakes natural dark ranch mink. Hattie Carnegie earrings. Gloves by Crescendoe-Superb. Calderon belt. Palmroth of Finland boots, at Bonwit Teller. WHITE MINK STRIPES, this page, new slant on a diagonally-worked wrap-coat of dark-brown ranch mink held by a white belt. Kotuk and Ackerman, of "Blackglama," Great Lakes natural dark ranch mink and bleached white mink. Gidding-Jenny; Thomas E. McElroy, Chicago; I. Magnin. Mimi di N earrings. Calderon belt. Herbert Levine boots, at Bonwit Teller. Coiffures by Suga of Kenneth.

ALEXIS WALDECK

AN IMPRESSION OF STRIPES IN PALE MINK



AN IMPRESSION OF CREAM-ON-CREAM STRIPES, left: a deliciously creamy shade of mink in a wrapped and hooded coat held by a thin leather belt. By Coopchick-Forrest. Breath-of-Spring "Arcturus," Emba natural lavender beige mink. Henri Bendel; Blum's, Chicago;. I. Magnin. Velvet pants: Lynn Stuart for Mister Pants. Charles Elkaim earrings. K. J. L. bracelet. Belt: Christian Dior for Abbe Creations. Buckled ankle boots: Herbert Levine.

AN IMPRESSION OF BONE-ON-BONE STRIPES, right—belted, wrap-coat of bone-pale mink with the softest pink glow. By Reiss & Fabrizio. Of Saga opal-dyed Black Cross Mink from Scandinavia. Napier earrings. K. J. L. necklace around the wrist. Viola Weinberger gloves. Calderon leather belt. David Evins boots: I. Miller. Suga of Kenneth coiffure.

ALEXIS WALDECK



WHITE MINK HERRINGBONE STRIPES, above, zigzagged on a belted double-breasted coat of pale gunmetal-grey mink with a faint violet cast. By Christie Bros. of "Lutetia," Emba natural gunmetal mink and "Jasmine," Emba white mink. (Belt added.) Harzfeld's; Bullock's-Wilshire. Mimi di N earrings. Echo scarf: Altman's. LEAFY WHITE MINK STRIPES, right, branching row after row on a shaped, side-closed beige mink coat. Radley Furs designed by Estévez, in pastel beige and bleached white mink. At Miss Bergdorf Fur Boutique at Bergdorf Goodman. Napier belt with pin by Mimi di N. Viola Weinberger gloves. BOLD WHITE MINK STRIPES, opposite, and a white-faced collar on gunmetal-grey mink—all wrapped and belted close to the body. By Christian Dior Furs of "Lutetia," Emba natural gunmetal mink and "Jasmine," Emba white mink. At Bonwit Teller, New York; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Nan Duskin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Charles Elkaim earrings. Mimi di N chain belt wrapped by a Calderon leather belt. Both pages: Herbert Levine boots: Bonwit Teller. Suga of Kenneth coiffures.

ALEXIS WALDECK

MINK STRIPED
LEAVES AN
HERRINGBONE

BEAUTY *bulletin*

CONTACT LENSES: *WHERE THEY'RE AT*

Until recently, women with poor vision have had only two choices: to walk about in the mystifying haze of imperfect sight (sometimes cutting loved ones or greeting strangers on the street), or to wear spectacles which were as unfeminine as orthopaedic braces. Dorothy Parker's famous jingle summed it up: men didn't make passes at girls who wore glasses—or at least so the girls who left them off thought. Marilyn Monroe, playing a beautiful and brilliantly funny myope in *How to Marry a Millionaire* broke the tradition of a hundred movies in which the shy secretary had won the boss's hand by doffing her specs by leaving hers *on* for the happy ending.

But for women who *need* glasses, who are obliged to wear them as the only alternative to not seeing, there's always some nagging doubt about that happy ending. No spectacle frames seem quite right with evening dress. Any spectacles detract from the bravado of a new hat. Glasses and kisses simply do not mix.

Then, at last, in 1948, the revolution began which has already liberated some 9,000,000 of the 90,000,000 spectacle-wearers in America from their glass houses. This breakthrough was the use of plastic in the manufacture of contact lenses.

Contact lenses, like so many of our modern ideas, existed long ago in the imagination of Leonardo da Vinci. Sir John Herschel, an astronomer, conceived of them in further detail in 1827, but was frustrated by the fact that there then existed no means to anaesthetize the eyeball so that a mould could be made from which the lens might be cast. The first contact lenses were actually made in 1887, but of heavy, dangerous (because breakable) glass. From that time until 1948, ophthalmologists, optometrists, and laboratories worked hard to improve the idea of lenses fitted directly to the eye, but had little interest in their cosmetic value. They were concerned almost exclusively with the man or woman who actually could not see through ordinary spectacles, because of some disease or malformation of the eye. Only these wearers (and some theatrical people) possessed the motivation to submit to the discomforts and risks of glass lenses.



DE ROSNAY

Plastic lenses changed all that. The material was so light that the entire shape of the lens could be changed, to begin with. Glass contact lenses had always been of the kind called *scleral*. This meant that the borders of the lens (which covered the entire visible part of the eye) rested on the white, or sclera, and the centre bulged out to avoid touching the coloured part, the (Continued on page 265)

Stars for your eyes

The newest contact lenses, right, *glinting cat's-eye brown, green flecked with blue, clear azure, even lavender, all designed to light up your eyes with the sparkles of your choice and—no small incidental—let you see the world Shelley-plain. The size of the clear centre—the vision area—is determined by an expert's measurement of the pupil, the curve of the eye, and in some cases, by his estimate of how much light should reach the pupil; the light-rule applies mainly to people who wear contacts after cataract surgery.... The lenses shown here, many times life-size, are from the Harrisburg lab of Dr. Robert Morrison, a pioneering optometrist who has carried the good news about contacts from Helsinki to Hong Kong.*

New reverse-chic for sunglasses

It's the upside-down specs, left, *that look like the most fun on the block now—almost as good as a seventeenth-century Venetian mask that gives a special line to the cheekbone. And if you happen to be a contact-lens girl, you'll want such non-prescription glasses to cut glare. Fake tortoise shell with pale-blue or brown lenses; the Dior Boutique in Paris has them, and to reverse the chic again, just wear them right side up.*

PENN





BEAUTY'S NEWS-CENTRE: THE JEWELLED STOMACH

Brilliant idea. Real jewels, small jewels, boutique jewels, jewels taken lightly as trinkets and worn as lightly against sun-gold skin—the new little look of adornment centring about the stomach and, just a precious-stone's-throw away, the waist. . . . Cabochon domes, fretting gold bullion traceries, jewel a wide white silk Indian belt, worn here with a single carved emerald bursting forth in diamond and sapphire rays. Belt from the Van Cleef Boutique, about $300. . . . Small, small cabochon-strung chains swing their fragile gold links across the stomach, singly or several at a time. Boutique chains, from $900. . . . Cord-slim bracelets twist gold and diamonds around one wrist. Boutique bracelets, from $225. And rings no wider than wedding bands circle precious colour about the fingers of each hand. Boutique rings, from $285. All these jewels take is a little look around Van Cleef & Arpels Boutique. Other jewels, on both pages, are from Van Cleef & Arpels next door.

PENATI

Paler than pale, more precious than not, the opal's elusive rainbow changes are captured in a single stroke of jewel colour and placed right at your fingertips— nail adornment that never happened until Revlon fused it into their new Crystalline Opalescent nail enamel; Opalite Beige lights play their precious nacré shimmer against skin bathed all over in the sun's zillion-karat gold warmth or, if you're beyond reach of the real thing, the glowing year-round alchemy of Revlon's Ultima II Golden Tan leg complexion makeup.

BEAUTY *bulletin*

The opal nail



JOHN CHAN

TOTAL CONCENTRATION ON A SMOOTHER FACE

The still life above: detail from a bright new bath towel, a mirror, a lab jar spilling the latest results from Revlon's laboratory where life, apparently, hasn't been still at all. In one more burst of productive activity, the scientists there have come up with a unique new triumph—Ultima II Translucent Wrinkle Creme—that goes after the lines of a face with such smoothing cunning that those lines never knew what hit them. Reason: this cream is a concentration of working ingredients and nothing else—no idle "filler" that merely holds the valuable elements together. The treatment is total, speedy, effective. About those working ingredients: they're pure natural oils—from avocado, olive, cocoanut, and such—blended to approximate, as closely as possible, the vital lubricants that young skin has, older skin hasn't. (The towel, concentrated brilliance by Hanae Mori for Martex.)

Beauty-taking the town

For the next view of beauty, look this way. . . .
Small neat head, opposite, with soft tendrils to frame a face that glows with vitality. A touch of tan.
Pink cheeks, mobile pink mouth. Clear open eyes, with lights on. One of the great looks in town.
Makeup from Jacqueline Cochran's worldly Urbane collect designed to give city skin country clarity.
Here: Nutria eye shadow, Honey Blush to glow the cheeks, Pink Sand lipstick to warm the mouth.
Russian broadtail coat, and sable muff on chain, made to orde by Maximilian. Chain from Harry Winston. Earrings: Van Cleef & Arpels. Coiffure: Alan of Kenneth.

PENATI



TENSION AND YOUR SKIN

Tension—the medical arch-villain of the jet age—doesn't spare the skin. It can cause, or contribute to, a host of troubles—among them, allergic reactions, hives, eczema, itching of different parts of the body, certain types of hair loss, and numerous other superficial disorders. It can compound the skin problems of adolescents, and cause stubborn skin conditions among adults. Some skin disorders that make the sufferer's life miserable may be only one-quarter due to any actual trouble in the skin itself—three-quarters to tension, anxiety, strain.

Too many, or conflicting, obligations...worry, uncertainty sustained over a long period...a towering sense of duty...distrust of one's own abilities, combined with heavy pressure to perform well...all build up tension which may affect the skin. Then, the resulting skin outbreak causes more anxiety—and a vicious cycle starts.

This is especially true of individuals who react almost violently to the most trivial skin blemish. The appearance of an inconsequential pimple or a minor skin eruption may evoke deep-seated feelings of anxiety which cause the victim to feel that his guilt and shame are exposed to the world for everyone to see. In the extreme instance, he feels so repulsive that the physician refers to these feelings as a "leper complex."

Anyone who doubts that inner stresses can be transmitted to the skin —the body's outer covering—need only consider the action of the sweat glands, which display increased activity (especially of the palms and soles) under conditions of excitement, fear, or nervousness. Or, consider the fact that people often turn crimson with embarrassment or anger, and ashen pale with fright or shock. This is because the functioning of the blood vessels, like that of the sweat glands, is controlled by the autonomic nervous system. Through it, the message of tension is flashed from the brain to every part of the body.

In many instances, it is necessary for the specialist in diseases of the skin to employ some psychotherapy as part of his treatment program. We discussed this problem with Dr. Howard T. Behrman, who is professor of clinical dermatology at a New York medical school and the author of several books on skin disease. Dr. Behrman stated that many patients need help primarily in overcoming tension—or, at least, learning to live with it. The patients themselves generally don't know this, or suspect it only dimly. They come to be treated for skin ailments. But sometimes the problem is, quite literally, more than skin deep.... If it turns out to be of a really deep-seated and serious nature, the patient should be referred to a psychiatrist. But often he can be helped by learning to recognize the signs of tension in himself, and by mastering a few simple rules for dealing with it....In this frenetic era of dependence on tobacco, alcohol, and drugs (including "tranquilizers," et al), as a means of lessening tension and facilitating an "escape" from daily problems, why not try to help yourself (Continued on page 261)

GENE LAURENTS



The bath that sees you through

For a woman bent on unbending, this bath plays a clear rôle. Its scented waters smooth ruffled psyches, its lubrication soothes vexed skin. The player: Herbessence Perfume and Bath Oil.... Out of the bath, the body, silked all over with Herbessence Body Smooth, gets pat-a-pat-patted with Pat-A-Glow, an electric darling that delivers 1,800 dejangling tingles a minute. Herbessence and patter, by Helena Rubinstein, at Lord & Taylor. Plexiglas tub, by Babette Newburger, *discussed on page 167.*





HERSELF SURPRISED

MADAME HÉLÈNE ROCHAS IN HER WIZARDOUS NEW OFFICE IN PARIS

With its muted blaze of beige and white and tantalizing cache of electronics, the new Paris office of Madame Hélène Rochas seems less a down-to-earth base of operations than a private moon ship. "I wanted an extreme and radical, but sober, change," said Madame Rochas, a beautiful French *femme d'affaires,* who, as president of Les Parfums Rochas in Paris, directs an international network of agents from Singapore to Surinam. Serene, amused, and dynamic, she appears to work more in time and space than a few flights above rue François Premier. In her office, designed by Georges Ferran of the Centre d'Études de l'Oeuf, free-floating strips with the glow of rock crystal screen the tall windows; the sofa, supported by winged shelves, never touches ground. On the walls—carpeted like the doors, ceiling, and floor in handwoven moquette—hang mirrors that change from reflectors to glimmers of light. On her desk—which rises and falls—even the clock looks surreal. It is: one of Dali's famous *montres molles.* This wizardry in a cool shimmer of function delights Madame Rochas, who loves to play smersh with the electronic panel hidden in her desk. "My visitors are completely spellbound," she said, "especially when I flick the switch that opens the cabinet across the room."

Madame Hélène Rochas, above, *in her new Paris office, with, on the wings of the banquette, sculptures by Sobrino.* Left, *a sheen of white-lacquered wood warmed by textures of beige; on the wall, a mirrored closet reflecting the bar, shaped like a huge hourglass.*

HORST

HER OWN THING

KITTY HAWKS: HER YOUNG UPSWING LIFE IN HER NEW YORK APARTMENT

The surprise of Kitty Hawks is summed up in her felicitous name: It signals and heralds her correctly. The daughter of Howard Hawks, the film director, and Mrs. Kenneth Keith of London, she spent her childhood in California, Long Island, and New York; went to boarding school in Connecticut; and now, at the age of twenty-one, has settled, independent, happy, and blossoming with excitement, into her own first New York apartment. She has a capricious mixture of prettiness and passion, softness and swoop, indifference and a kind of whimsical sensuality, and conveys with every springing movement the message that life, to her, is an enormous exploration, that the world is at her feet, and that she may or may not tread gently. Her peerless self-confidence manifests itself in everything she does, although she sometimes appears to hesitate or dissemble when making her own decisions; in fact, she is like an arrow from a bow. Anxious that she should not be thought of as merely a pretty face, she describes how she uses her mind with a charming disregard for the implicit, while ninety per cent of her listeners simply look at her skin, like the inside of a peony petal, or watch her eyes: big, glowing, musky, the whites slightly blue, eyelashes drooping with their own weight.

Work is her great adventure. Since she was graduated from Smith College in (Continued on page 263)

In her living room, right, *Kitty Hawks*
on the oak refectory table she usès as a desk;
her needlepoint spills out of a gardening basket
set on a three-legged stand found in Henri Bendel.
In a corner of the living room, top left,
a palm tree overshadows an inlaid marble
Italian table given to Kitty Hawks by her mother.
Almost all of the cushions in the apartment were
embroidered by Kitty, who feels slightly abashed when
questioned about the large painting above the sofa.
"It's by Derain," she said, "and it was lent to me
by a friend, and I'm slightly bewildered by it.
It's much *grander than anything I buy."*
Another view of the living room, centre left:
a Pop poster of the Stars and Stripes above
a velvet-covered table clustered with photographs.
In the bedroom, left, *her cats, Tiffany*
and Harry Winston, play on the fur bedspread.

HORST



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

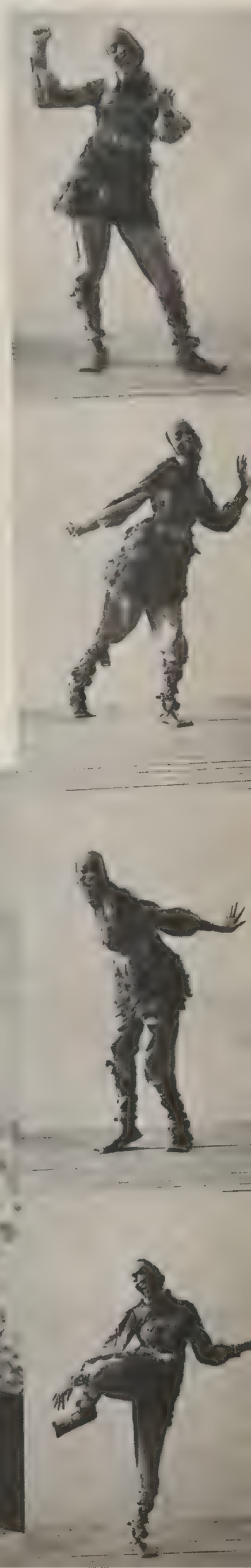
OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



Indian summer

What style the Indians had! Some of the essence put together here. ***Left,*** a pair of brown panne velvet pants ($55). Over them a brief bikini of fringed suède ($30). Add a weskit of buff cowhide ($40). All by Steven Burrows for Allen & Cole, 150 E. 54th St. Ankle bells at her elbow ($1) from Tepee Town, 9 W. 42nd St. ***Right,*** Indians understood feathers, so they'd understand a jumper alive with pheasant-y plumes at the Electric Circus Boutique, 23 St. Marks Place, worn over silk print pants bound at the ankles with strips of print silk. By Steven Burrows for Allen & Cole, 150 E. 54th St. ***Below,*** a ravishing plunder of plumage—a weskit of curly purple, persimmon, auburn feathers ($120), a belt of russet plumes ($30). Both by Steven Burrows for Allen & Cole, 150 E. 54th St. Below that extra belt of crocheted strings ($40), Andrew Geller Boutique, 18 W. 57th St. . . .

CHARLES TRACY







Above. A combination of beautifully cut parts—creamy twill trousers ($55), a fringed cowhide weskit ($40), over a chamois-coloured velours shirt ($35). By Steven Burrows for Allen & Cole, 150 East 54th Street.

Left. Putting it together after stealing it from the horse. Black, vermilion, turquoise patterned dirndl made from an Indian saddle blanket; $20, Miller's, 123 E. 24th St. Skirt made by Sibley & Coffee, 320 E. 58th St. Rope and metal belt is actually the girth for a saddle. $8, Miller's, 123 E. 24th St.

Below. Beautiful pants—made of laced-together squares of sky-blue and palomino leather ($160). Steven Burrows for Allen & Cole, 150 E. 54th St. . . .



More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

Indian summer.

Right. Nice way to tape your watch to your wrist—braid the links with a scarf, wrap the rest around skin, let the ends fly. Watch by Old England, $18. Black and white scarf by Vera, $1.50. Both: Altman's.



CHARLES TRACY

Below. Maybe the best-looking, most comfortable boot—soft as a glove, silent as a bare foot. Fringed buckskin, autumn green-bark colour. $25. From the "boutique" that specializes in authentic American Indian stuff—Tepee Town, 9 W. 42nd Street. . . .



Below. Naomi Sims in the pants all the good-looking models want—grey flannel cut straight and wide. By Scott Barrie, $30; Capezio, 1855 Broadway. Pearly-grey sateen shirt, $10; The Different Drummer, 792 Lexington Ave. Hip-wrapper scarf of hand-printed silk, $10, Bloomingdale's men's department.





Above. The idea is to bind your arm with something that moves, flutters, gives pleasure. This, a thong of knotted tidbits of chestnut leather. $10 at Allen & Cole, 150 E. 54th St. . . .

Right. The classic fringed suède Indian jacket ($35). Tepee Town, 9 W. 42nd St. The *un*classic hat—russet straw, thrush-feathered. $25. By Steven Burrows for Allen Cole, 150 E. 54th St. . . .



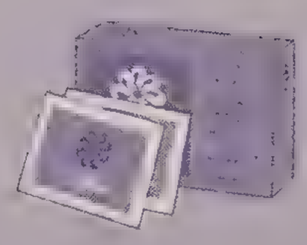


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Season of the Witch

(Continued from page 171)

extremes the way our elders worshipped the golden mean. We exhibit what they hid, and we cover (usually with hair) what they exposed. We like to fondle each other. We dig blowing minds.

Yet, for all the talk of fashionable treason, this is a terribly exhilarating time to be ugly. We are far kinder to our misfits these days than we are to our common folk. We elevate them on a plastic pedestal, call their madness "magic," and worship their prophetic grace. They are our saints and sinners, our poets and pleasure machines. They do their thing, and we cry, "Beautiful!"

Most of us who qualify as suppliants of Now Beauty grew up amid the spinach culture of the fifties (it tasted terrible but was good for you). In a sense we were all victims of fashion then, since we tried to submerge ourselves in its slippery chic. Glamour was a matter of conformity to the rigid nuances of style. For young ladies that meant adhering to a host of rules, each as inviolate as that year's hemline: eyes right, hair correct, thoughts proper. For young men it was simpler: You merely had to resemble an open switchblade.

The slick of fashion past offered women a severe choice between the sexpot-sweater queen and the girl next door. Cut the deck any way, and you came up with Doris Day or Jane Russell (the queen of hearts or diamonds). Men could choose between Mike Hammer and Marlon Brando; the efficient thug or the sensitive brute. But between those stylistic poles lay precious little room for improvisation. And even with the cosmeticized ritual of imitation there was still no guarantee that a stray eyelash or a hubcap from the wrong kind of car might not give you away as an individual —a freak. Inner freakiness was the ultimate nightmare of the fifties: I Was A Teen-aged Me!

Nobody remembers who imposed those stereotypes (we only lived by them). But chances are there was no arbiter of taste then, just as there is none now. Fashion is an unconscious social response; in the fifties, our very clothing spoke of paranoia. We huddled together then and tried to look alike.

Beauty meant expressing a collective noun. The fashion of the fifties was euphoric in its specificness. The Look—in all its permutations—was also The Way. Today, there is no single look, and it is no longer possible to manufacture chic. The generation gap in fashion is a question of attitude not degree. Now Beauty which is displayed without must originate within. The concept of mass culture has been replaced by an urge to feel special. In the shaggy sixties, every man is his own showcase, exhorted to discover the electric magic within. Beauty is scene-deep today, and that scene is becoming more and more evidently the triumph of self over style.

In McLuhan's terms, anyone who lives only to express his rôle is a professional; he puts function before self, and dresses as though he belongs. But an amateur wears his psyche on his sleeve. His life style is his own. Strangers can never encompass him in a casual glance. His identity remains elusive to all but friends and lovers. And since the fashion pendulum swings both ways today, young lovers look more and more as though they know each other well. They dress intimately, and flaunt divinely.

Now Beauty is free. Liberated from hang-ups over form and function, unencumbered by tradition or design. A freaky goddess surveying her ailanthus realm. Kite-high; moon-pure. Groovy, powerful, and weird!

The love goddess of the sixties works in para-reality. She is larger than fantasy and loftier than modesty. Armed with the power of charisma (my dictionary defines that term as "a divinely conferred gift," which must have something to do with sheer self), she walks a thin line between camp and revelation. She exhibits herself, and through the subtle seduction of style she makes you notice.

Exhibitionism is the quiet side of violence: It aims to provoke if not to injure. No wonder it dominates the fashion of the sixties. Nothing could be more appropriate for a homogenized culture which is curdling from the top down. Snipers in love beads assault our sensibilities; men and women interchange façades until only they can tell the difference. Holy moly! "Things fall apart. The centre can not hold. Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world."

Fire and energy can liberate as well as destroy. It is impossible to talk about even something as insular as beauty without noting that the same turmoil and insurrection that provides the terror of our time also inspires its greatest achievements. The style of the sixties is creative anarchy. In all endeavours, it is characterized by a rebellion against form, a deflation of dogma, and an assertion of self against the Establishment.

We have had it with limpid ladies and ginger gentlemen. We prefer our divinity on the rocks —or better, up against the wall! We want to see our goddesses writhing, like the Milky Way in heat. We want to hear our gods bellowing lieder of liberation. We want to know their flesh, their bones, and even their innards.

Once, soul was something you hid beneath a cloak of cool. Now, it's what you show. What we're trying to prove around here is that beauty is no longer a matter of pomp and circumstance but a precious ability to flaunt it like it is. Or, as Billy the Kid puts it in *The Beard:* "Divine is free!"

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PRICELESS!..

Your face is most precious... especially to those who love you. If you think this is vanity, all right. Be a little vain. Indulge yourself. But... it is the only face of your lifetime, so give it only the best.

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ART, DESIGN, AND "THE GREAT PARADE"

By Harold Rosenberg

In many cultures art and design are the same thing, though they serve purposes that are very different. The squares, circles, diamonds, floral and wave shapes of the potter or weaver also constitute the symbols of the wizard and the medicine man. In Islam wall decorations were restricted to abstract signs, yet these patterns were able to convey metaphysical meanings.

At any moment, a painting, regardless of what it represents, is nothing but an arrangement of coloured shapes and lines. The next moment it becomes an ultimate vision, a feeling, an idea.

Designs on clothes do not customarily attempt to go beyond the decorative, but there are also designs that identify *sacred* costumes, robes that may be worn only by certain persons and on certain occasions. Fabrics are made to be used as banners and as canopies for altars and cases for sacramental scrolls. The catalogue of an exhibition of ritual art in rural India at the Philadelphia Museum of Art last winter describes a textile called *kantha* made of rags, the weaving and design of which signified that things no longer useful were restored to wholeness—linden green was a favourite colour of the *kantha*.

We all remember pictures of mediaeval astrologers wearing cone-shaped hats and cloaks sprinkled with stars and moons. They were the scientists of their time; but we remember them not for their ideas but for their glamorous regalia.

Art includes a fascination with the surfaces of things, whether those surfaces are appreciated as attractive in themselves or as emblems of a hidden reality. Because of its engagement with surface, art can never get too far away from the sensuality and nonsense of fashion. This is true even of the art of monks, who have their own idea of what holy men should wear.

Academic art separates painting and sculpture, the so-called "fine arts," from the styles of the time and the way things actually look. When its figures are clothed, it prefers them in uniforms or in Renaissance robes. This shying away from the contemporary and its modes is an attempt to elevate the imaginations of the artist and the art lover to a plane above the taste and imagination of society as a whole. The academician regards art as belonging to the realm of Beauty, Nobility, and Permanence, in contrast to what attracts people in the changing world of experience.

Academic art, with its themes from history and mythology, its heroes and nymphs, its idyllic landscapes, reached its peak in the nineteenth century as an effort to rise above the factories and slums and the new middle-class manners that had begun to constitute the actual world. Modern art from its very beginnings attacked the academic separation of art from life—its orientation has been not toward a closed-off aesthetic universe but toward the open air and the phenomena of the city streets.

The poet Baudelaire, one of the first to lay down principles of modernism in art, urged painters to pay attention to the fashions of the time, to contemporary costume, to what Baudelaire admired as "the great parade" of modern life. the colour of both its high life and its low life. Mallarmé, the leading aesthetician of our epoch, was also devoted to fashion. even to the extent of composing advertisements for perfumes in his impeccable verse.

In thus restoring its ties with the applied crafts art did not intend to surrender to popular taste—rather it wished to affirm the philosophical proposition that in order to last art must be created out of the reality of the passing moment.

Such artists as Matisse and Braque connected painting with ornament, while endeavouring to maintain the difference between these two modes of creation. This relation and contrast represent the moving spirit in modern art—wanting to be up-to-date, in tune with the present and with the way things look, whether in deriving from the street images and supermarket products of Pop Art or from the clean mathematical lines of machines or laboratory equipment. But art also wants to survive as an insight or feeling beyond the experience of things that are used up.

It is significant that the improvement of design in the United States has come about with the rise in prestige of *modern* art. I mean those avant-garde styles in painting that produced their first impact here in the Armory Show of 1913 and which were promptly denounced by newspapermen and politicians accustomed to thinking of art in academic terms, as having reduced painting to mere rug making.

Before the advent of modern art in the United States our dependence on Europe for style and taste was virtually complete. In the nineteenth century, some perceptive Americans had realized that such dependence could be extremely costly to American business. They saw, too, that to overcome America's lag in design Americans had to be educated about art.

The Philadelphia Museum of Art, founded in the midst of the post-Civil War boom in American manufacturing, declared,

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Art, Design

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with classical candour, that a public art collection was needed in order to enable American industry to improve its designs and thus compete more successfully in the world market. This is as materialistic an approach to art as could be asked for by the most hardened Marxist. Perhaps a similar aim of aiding industry is implicit in the displays of industrial products which are part of the exhibition program of The Museum of Modern Art in New York. Despite these efforts, the United States remained a colonial country in visual invention and taste until after World War II.

To make a difference in the quality of what is produced in a society, it is not enough for people to have an occasional look at art brought from abroad—they must also be able to create art themselves.

In the past, America had several excellent strains of folk design, from the Yankee clipper to patchwork quilts. But folk art is static and unable to keep pace with modern industry. Nor could American academic painting, limited by its idealism and gentility, be of much help in bringing about a greater sophistication regarding the style of objects. What American design needed was not noble aims or lectures on taste but a more lively apprehension of the visual aspects of experience.

Imported styles taught Americans what to like and where to buy it; but it was the originality of American painting in the years after World War II that gave American taste an all-important self-confidence. For the first time Americans achieved independence in their modes of seeing and feeling. This liberation, essential to innovation, is now passing over into American fabric design.

If we keep in mind how, in the last twenty years, creation in art is synchronized with improvement in design, we shall appreciate how vital it is that art in America shall continue to sustain its vigour and originality.

One requisite for a high level art is that the difference between art and design be preserved. This difference can not be taken for granted. Too many paintings in the art galleries today can not be differentiated from fabric designs despite the hair-splitting aesthetics of self-interested art reviewers. The widespread belief that innovation in art can be a purely formal development is the result of confusing art with design. To many people, including some who are not aware of it. the difference between art and design disappeared when art became abstract. Before then, it would never have occurred to anyone that new forms could be conceived without new insights and new feelings. At the 1913 Armory Show, Theodore Roosevelt denounced certain paintings as "Navajo rugs." He was indignant that people should find meaning in them instead of just spreading them on the floor. Almost to the year of his death Mondrian was ignored by the art world and considered an inventor of forms useful in packaging and linoleum.

This reaction has reappeared again and again throughout the past half-century and not only among the public. Artists too, to say nothing of art educators, have tended to treat abstract art as identical with design and to try to bring it about that it should be nothing but design. In Russia, right after the Revolution, an important group of artists proposed to eliminate the concept of art once and for all as representing an obsolete form of egotistical self-indulgence. They wished to turn the energies of artists towards designing new models of everything from hunting jackets to coffee cups for factory production.

In the opposite camp were abstract painters, like Malevich and Kandinsky, to whom colours and abstract forms symbolized metaphysical states of being. In their view the development of design depended upon the imaginative vision of artists. Renounce the inner life of art, Kandinsky warned, and design will lose its power of renewal.

Kandinsky proved to be right. Once the Communists had relegated abstract art to industrial design—Stalin agreed with Teddy Roosevelt that abstract artists were arrogant rugmakers—and restored the Academy to a monopoly in painting, Russian design entered an epoch of lifeless mediocrity.

In order to maintain its identity, abstract art has been forced to absorb increasingly heavy doses of interpretation. Art today talks too much, and its spectators tend to put the art words they hear before the art works they see. Art today is tense and nervous. It wears a grim expression. It is crowded with the kind of artists that Baudelaire called "sad specialists, old and young." Painting now makes a fuss about colour but most of it suffers from an utter lack of sensuous appeal. One constantly suspects it of taking itself too seriously and, at the same time, of being confused and frivolous.

Designers escape these forms of distress. The creator of a pattern for textiles can give himself directly to the vivacity of brilliant hues and the physicality of texture. He can borrow from the art of Europe, Africa, the Far East without giving a thought to art history or comparative philosophies of space. If he has no theories about the future direction of art, he is also spared from being forced into intellectual irrelevancies.

Moreover, the designer of a dress fabric automatically thinks of a woman to be wrapped in it —and a woman is much more inspiring than some dogma concerning post-Abstract Expressionism. It is the wearer who in fabric design is the ultimate object of contemplation, not the design for itself. Thus, design underscores the notion of embellishment, a lighthearted notion that art can not put aside for too long without turning sour. In sum, art and design are coming together—often they meet in the same person. Indeed, it might be a good thing if the term "artist" lost its honorific character, and homage were paid only for qualities of style, imagination, and skill.

Comedy

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have in a long time, convulsively with the visual stuff, the coming in and out of the rain. But I liked the first play about the marriage better, so the amount of laughter would not necessarily measure the degree of pleasure. *The Lady's Not for Burning* is a comedy I like, but I wouldn't ask: Is it funny? It's the dancing syllables that delight me.

GOLDMAN: I like Chekhov's plays best, I like Giraudoux's plays a lot, and Anouilh's plays. They're not what I used to like best. I thought *The Man Who Came to Dinner* was the funniest thing I ever heard.

FEIFFER: I suppose what I like best is material I can relate to directly, the kind of humour I identify with, meaning that it will have little to do with the theatre and mostly to do with the nightclub and cabaret humour that came up in the middle and late fifties and the early sixties. Mort Sahl, Second City, Nichols and May, in particular Lennie Bruce. The most interesting use of the form recently was in the film *The Graduate.* I like comedy that says something about the time I'm living in, and that has what an audience would consider to be an off-focus point of view that, in fact, places things within a more proper focus than the one we usually see.

GUERNSEY: When you insert humour, those belly laughs Abe was talking about, into whatever comedy you're writing. . . .

BURROWS: No insert, I can't do it any other way.

GUERNSEY: That's what I was getting at. Is your use of humour instinctive or deliberate?

MRS. KERR: I won't get paid if I don't do it that way, that's why I do it that way.

GOLDMAN: You should do it that way because you see life that way, that's all it is.

SIMON: Both.

BURROWS: It's the way you work, it's how it comes out.

FEIFFER: I work at it.

SIMON: It comes out instinctively, but when I see I don't have it, I go back and do it deliberately.

GOLDMAN: Neil's answer is right. It comes out instinctively. But when it's not funny enough, you have to try and make it funny.

SIMON: The most disappointing thing in my writing life is that very often I write lines and say to myself, oh, this is very moving, and they laugh at it. I can never understand what I'm doing wrong.

MRS. KERR: It's very embarrassing to say to an actor, please try *not* to get that laugh.

SIMON: In *Plaza Suite,* honestly, we kept cutting laugh after laugh in Boston and putting straight lines in that kept getting laughs. I finally said, well, they don't need me any more.

BURROWS: Once when I brought George Kaufman a joke, he told me, "You did this joke before." I said, well in radio we call this a running gag. He said, "Here they're paying $6.60, give them another joke." It really racked me up.

GUERNSEY: Neil, you've written for a larger theatre audience than any playwright in modern times, I guess. What would you say your impact on them has been?

SIMON: I really have no idea. It's so diverse, some of them are moved and some just think it's terribly funny, they come away with what *they* want to come away with.

MRS. KERR: I think much more important than Neil's effect on the audience is his effect on other playwrights. He's doing his bit to make the world safe for avant-garde plays—for plays and scenes with shape. Hail to him.

SIMON: Once after *Barefoot in the Park* had been playing for about a week I went back to see it, watching the audience, which was just falling over laughing except for one guy sitting on the aisle. I was transfixed. I said to myself, there seems to be no way to get to him. No one else would I watch except this one man. My wife joined me about twenty minutes later and asked me how it was going, and I said, terrible. I really meant it. There was no way to get to this man. It destroyed me.

MRS. KERR: Yes, I've noticed with other people's shows as well as my own, sometimes you'll get a holdout. He'll hold out . . . but if he finally laughs, he'll then laugh at everything. I very seldom laugh in the theatre because I have this unfortunate situation of being with a critic, and critics do not laugh. But if I get caught once and laugh—if I have been caught off guard—than I laugh all through the show.

FEIFFER: I think, sadly, it would be accurate to say that the theatre has less and less effect on the audience, on the times. Certainly this is true when you compare it with films, which really *do* strongly affect our style, the way we see things, in many ways the way we think. I'd guess that in another fifteen or twenty years there may not be any Broadway as we know it, because the audience that now goes to the Broadway theatre will have been retired and dissipated.

SIMON: But still, when it comes down to it, as Walter Kerr said in that Sunday piece, the most provocative things come from the theatre.

MRS. KERR: Jules, it's fair to say you're a satirist. More than a humorist. A satirist is also funny, but a satirist is by definition a little ahead of everybody. He's the first one to notice. But if you're doing that, you're not going to get as wide a reaction from a theatre audience of the moment, because they are squarer. Right?

FEIFFER: It just seems to me that films are more tuned in, more connected. Maybe because they have a younger audience, I don't know.

GOLDMAN: I think satirists are essentially action people, as well as artists.

MRS. KERR: They want to get the job done.

GOLDMAN: They want to have some kind of ideological effect on the people who are exposed to their work. And I don't think that's the business of the artists. I think artists affect people differently. We're often misled because theatre exists in words. We think, well, if we're saying words we can say what the intellectual content of a play is. But I don't think we can really do that, any more than we can in the case of a painting or a piece of music. When we're successful, we're saying something above and beyond what the

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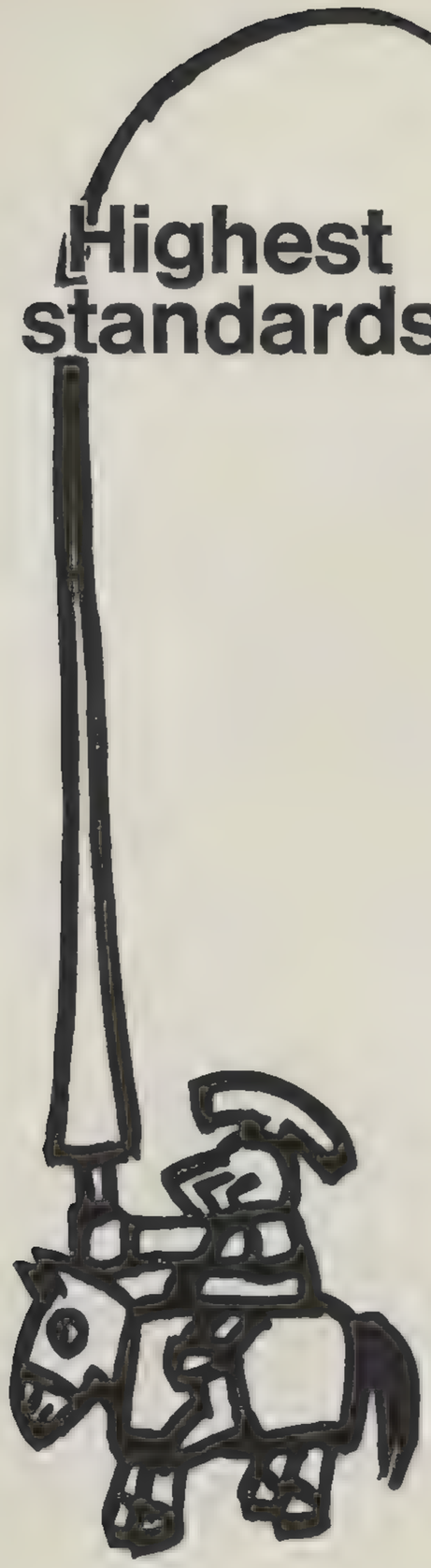
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Comedy

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words say, and that kind of communication is addressed to the souls or spirits—fancy words!—of our audiences. By moving them in one way or another, we can hope to change them. But if we want to change them in terms of "Well, let's all get out and vote for Eugene McCarthy," then we don't write a play, we write a tract, we write a speech or a political pamphlet. I don't think this is the business of the arts—when they do it, they do it badly and end up with agitprop.

BURROWS: We're all talking about humour, we're skirting the point. The point is, *why* do we say it funny? Why does Neil do it the way he does? Why does Jim, why does Jean, why does Jules? Why don't we say *(nobly)*, "This was the noblest Roman of them all!" Why don't we say, "Goodnight, sweet Prince."

FEIFFER: Somebody said it first.

MRS. KERR: You couldn't say "Goodnight, sweet Prince," your character's name was Detroit, Nathan Detroit.

BURROWS: Why do you answer me with a joke?

MRS. KERR: You're born with the equipment you have, that's all.

SIMON: I don't agree, I think it was those years right *after* you were born that made you what you are.

MRS. KERR: Wait till your children are a little older, Neil. You'll realize they are what they are at seven months. You just wait and watch it, you don't change it.

SIMON: As to why we say it funny, I think it's to attract attention to what you're trying to say. It's like a political speech—when you hear one filled with bromides that you've heard over and over again, you turn off. But if there's a bit of wit and humour injected into it, you might listen, and you still get the point.

MRS. KERR: You make it sound as though you have funny lines for openers so you can say the serious thing.

SIMON: No, but I hope underneath there is something to hang onto.

BURROWS: The point is, you say it with a joke. Why? Why do we do it that way? In my family, every Friday night my mother would make gefüllte fish with chopped liver. And every Friday night she'd ask, "How's the fish?" And I'd say "Terrible." And she'd beam. It was a big laugh. And she knew it was my way of complimenting her. Why do we say it funny? Why has my son Jim now learned this knack? Jim's whole approach is to say it with a curve. When he gives it that twist, he's saying "I love you" to me.

Pause.

Tom Paine once said, "These are the times that try men's souls." Why didn't he switch it? Why does one man say it in polemics and another say it in poetry?

GOLDMAN: Why are there stars in the sky? I don't think the question is open to intellectual pursuit. It's an emotional question.

GUERNSEY: Speaking of emotion . . . *(Consulting notes.)* Horace Walpole said, "The world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel." Does that give us a clue as to why you write as you do? When you approach the world we're living in today. . . .

BURROWS: Oh, God.

GUERNSEY: *Not* in writing your plays, but just generally, do you react to it emotionally first, or intellectually?

GOLDMAN: Oh, emotionally. First one and then the other, same way I work.

SIMON: I react emotionally to everything in life, and it has nothing to do with today's times.

BURROWS: Jules, you control your people, your people aren't theatre. You've done theatre, and very well. But the people you put on that strip are you. You control every bit of them, the way they look, the way they talk. In the theatre, we generally don't have that control.

FEIFFER: I had a play that ran for seven glorious performances.

MRS. KERR: I remember the opening night of your *Little Murders*. At intermission we all thought it was going to be a big hit. It was *in*.

FEIFFER: I knew it was all over then. I learned something in Boston: If the audience was happy at the end of the first act, if the actors started playing the jokes and didn't play the characters, we were finished. When they played the characters, there was a kind of tension. At the end of the first act, if the audience was saying, "It's funny but I don't know what's going on," we were O.K.

BURROWS: If they play the characters and don't play the jokes, you're dead too. I tell you, the only way to be truthful is to be funny.

GUERNSEY: Jules would hardly agree that comedy is levity per se. One of the things that went on in *Little Murders* was, snipers kept firing through the windows and one of the shots struck the heroine and killed her.

FEIFFER: Because of that, none of the critics except John Lahr of *Manhattan East* understood that it was a play about things other than urban violence. I had to move the play to England for the critics to understand that it was a play about, among other things, the Kennedy assassination and Viet Nam. There's a radically different style to the humour that's come out of Cold War America than any humour we've ever had.

GUERNSEY: What is it, a kind of gallows humour in the face of extinction of all values?

FEIFFER: I don't think that quite gets to it.

MRS. KERR: When you have a bunker in Khesanh called the Alamo Hilton, you have the ultimate in Cold War humour.

FEIFFER: It's simply this, that in these last twenty-five years this country has been breaking apart into small pieces, and in increasingly large pieces. We're noticing it more this year than at any other time. The breaking-apart began, I suppose, with the Depression, but it came into its own after 1945 with the acceptance of a kind of Cold War ecclesiasticism. It involved affluence, the bomb, the death of Stalin and his whole influence on the American left, the death of liberalism in terms of a working philosophy, the death of all ideology, and a shifting around, looking for new values. A generation grew up within all this, a generation of haves, the first generation of middle-class haves

in this or any other country—kids who grew up with affluence and found that the fulfillment of the American dream was not worth very much as far as they were concerned. And so they became hippies, acid-heads, protesters. On every level of society—which includes, of course, its art, its literature, its humour—we're disrupting, we're breaking apart. Now, whatever anybody writes, whatever anybody thinks must be part of this, if it is to have any relevance at all. It doesn't have to talk directly to the problem necessarily, but it must grow out of this atmosphere, because that's the name of the game right now.

BURROWS: I envy this guy, he's the only one who can put that big Texan on paper with words. In doing it as comedy, I would curve it. I'd write the girl with the three blue eyes, my kind of thing, that's my curve. He has the President there. None of us do.

GUERNSEY *(consulting notes again)*: I found this by Albert Pike: "The sense of humour . . . is the strongest inducement to submit with a wise and pious patience to the vicissitudes of human existence." Is he saying that comedy is a means of glossing over unpleasantness, a kind of cop-out?

BURROWS: I've asked myself that, I've wondered whether in saying it with humour I'm choosing the safest way, the most acceptable way. The *Time* review of *How To Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* said that in his treatment of big business Abe Burrows instead of throwing vitriol painted a moustache on it. It sounded as though I'd gone for safety. It sounded as though I'd thrown a cream puff, copped out. Are we afraid? Are we incapable? Walter Kerr once spoke of the terrible nature of the world problems we have to deal with today. . . .

MRS. KERR: *Walter* did?

BURROWS: So difficult that perhaps humour is the only way we can deal with them.

SIMON: I just think the other way is too boring most of the time. You don't sit and tell yourself, maybe this is the way out of insanity, so I'll do it funny. You do it funny because the other way is just too boring. Unless you're brilliant.

MRS. KERR: Unless you're a real poet like Williams.

GUERNSEY: Isn't *black* comedy a way of accepting and dealing with terrible modern problems—like the breakup of society Jules was talking about?

MRS. KERR: I think black comedy is just another name for sick jokes. It's an effort to give status to what is neither serious material nor real wit. It's merely an inversion of the possible. It's merely preposterous.

GOLDMAN: No, there's good black comedy and bad black comedy.

MRS. KERR: Name me a good black comedy—and if you say *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg*, I claim it's not black comedy, it's genuine comedy. But I never saw a play that enraged me so much as *Loot*. When the dead mother's dentures were out, and they were using them as castanets—I can't handle it. I don't mind when characters have their eyes put out like Oedipus, but they've got to keep their goddam teeth in!

GOLDMAN: Well, I think the prevalence of black comedy is part of a search for new styles. You see, the set of circumstances Jules was talking about doesn't have to yield comedy. It would be much more likely to yield despair, gloom, Strindbergian discourses.

BURROWS: Jim, what makes you think comedy is not despair and gloom?

SIMON: Because there is a certain comedy that is *not* despair and gloom.

BURROWS: I say there can be more despair and gloom in comedy. . . .

GOLDMAN: I agree with you, it's the kind of comedy I tend to write.

FEIFFER: I think the mass media have made us over-aware of all the emotional truths that serious drama and serious films once gave us. That's why the best films being made today are the shorthand films—Godard is the best example, I suppose—films that quickly clue you in on what's happening without giving an editorial comment. Because we know there's not a single edi-

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Comedy

(Continued from page 259)

torial message we're not aware of, not a single emotional truth that by now we haven't heard over and over again.

BURROWS: There isn't a serious writer alive who could make us believe them.

FEIFFER: So the only way of going at it is to hit at it obliquely, to try to show up, whether through humour or other more abstract means, what's really happening—to make us go through the defense we have against emotional truths. Because we're so larded over with serious insight by now that we can't be reached by anything.

BURROWS: When you write it funny, you write it from the gut. G-U-T. When I'm asked for the best play of our times, I come up frequently with *Waiting for Godot.* That was a very funny play. Hilarious. I play the record, and I fall down every time.

MRS. KERR: I stand up every time. I'm the last of the great squares. I'm a Lindsay-Crouse girl.

GUERNSEY: Jean, you said *Joe Egg* is not black comedy?

MRS. KERR: No, it's not, there are no ridiculous distortions of reality just for distortion's sake. Take *Entertaining Mr. Sloane,* where a sister and a brother are trying to seduce the same man. It's macabre, but it doesn't correspond to anything real. At least, it doesn't to the present audience. It will next year, but right now it doesn't. Anyhow, in *Joe Egg* the situation of that couple with the retarded child—you know it's true. You didn't just hear they had a child like that, you *know it.* It seemed so valid. Furthermore, you feel that their pain is so genuine, if they can make jokes about it they're privileged to.

SIMON: *Joe Egg's* main objective isn't to make us laugh. The laughter is a by-product.

MRS. KERR: Yes, the laughter is how they got through it. Their genuine concern for the child is more real than the jokes.

GUERNSEY: The British seem to be out of the mainstream just now. Why should they be coming up with so much of the black comedy, instead of us?

MRS. KERR: They're more bitter than we are, and they've been bitter longer. Wait—in ten years there'll be a real place here for John Osborne.

FEIFFER: England is the first loser affluent society.

BURROWS: The British have a long tradition of embracing the enemy. Jonathan Miller told me how it was the night the royal family was coming to a performance of *Beyond the Fringe.* The cast was in terror, but the royal family loved it. They were devastated. The British have this great gift of taking the villain, the attacker, and embracing him, loving him. It's like the thing Freud once wrote about the Jew who tells Jewish jokes. He takes the dagger out of the anti-Semitic hand and plunges it deftly into his own breast. Therefore, in an odd way, he removes the danger.

FEIFFER: Be your own hired killer?

BURROWS: Yes.

SIMON: He gets it over with.

GUERNSEY: Where do we go from here in American comedy? Towards formlessness, or back to structure?

BURROWS: Well, I'll tell you, we're up against something. All playwrights I respect are looking over this new stuff, maybe wondering if this is what they want. Maybe we're a little dissatisfied with our own material. We wonder if, after all, comedy is levity. We wonder, are we really writing about what's moving us? I look at this group of faces, and I don't think anybody disagrees with me. I think we're all asking ourselves, are we doing what we want to do, and is it any good by today's standards? Are we saying what we want to say?

GOLDMAN: If you're any good at all, you're dissatisfied with your own work. You don't want to write the last play over again. You always have to force yourself.

BURROWS: We tell it funny, and then deep down we ask ourselves, why didn't we tell it for real?

SIMON: No.

MRS. KERR: No.

GOLDMAN: Absolutely no. I can't do anything else *but* comedy.

GUERNSEY: Jules, will your next play be a comedy, and will it have form?

FEIFFER: It's a political play called *God Bless.* Yeah, it's got form, I guess. I mean, a form that works for me within the play. I really don't think in terms of theatrical form. I have a consciousness of it, but really what I concentrate on is what I'm trying to get across, what would honestly, really happen to these people I'm writing about. So what I end up writing is, as far as I'm concerned, a documentary. It comes out absurd, you know, impossible to real life, but it's *true,* so far as I *know* what is true.

GUERNSEY: Neil, what are you doing with your next play?

SIMON: Well, it has form, and I would dearly love not to do it on Broadway. I'd like to do it away some place, like Schenectady. It's not that I don't want the critics to come, because I don't care if they all come. It's the audience I'd like to change, not the critics.

MRS. KERR: Well, *my* problem with contemporary theatre is its formlessness. When I saw the revival of *The Little Foxes* this season, I was so pleased. You know—you couldn't play the second act first. Isn't that nice? And you couldn't take out forty minutes and make it a lot better. I thought good, good, this is the way plays were when I came in. I still like this.

A pause; no comment.

I'm not a typical playwright. I'm not a professional playwright in the sense of keeping at it year after year. I don't. But what I find talking to other playwrights is, they're intimidated by the feeling that they are *out* of it. The kind of play being done is not the kind they used to admire or wish to write. Mostly, they're kind of mild about it, trying to find out what's in this new thing, especially these new British imports. I think they feel sort of betwixt and between. Particularly as they get older, they don't have the kind of energy that says, "This is the way I want it, and by God I'm going to write it this way and I'll bet somebody will like it." No, they look at one of these new plays and they think, "I'm out of touch, I'm out

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More than skin deep

(Continued from page 242)

with simple, harmless measures instead—the results may surprise you.

Symptoms of tension vary from one person to another, but they may include—aside from the skin disorders already listed—any of the following: pains in the small of the back, in the neck, or between the shoulder blades; stiffness in the jaw, throat, and tongue; clenching or grinding of teeth; moist, sweaty palms; high-pitched voice; "butterflies" in the stomach (also "heartburn," air-swallowing, occasionally loose bowels). Also: short, rapid breathing—many tense people actually pant.

Removing the underlying cause of these symptoms involves abandoning some old habits, forming some new ones. Above all, it involves a change in mental attitude—for, as one authority puts it, "The mind tells the body." . . . A good way to start is by removing as many obviously tension-producing situations from your life as you possibly can, at least for the time being. Cancel or avoid every obligation that isn't absolutely necessary, and take a long hard look at the ones that remain—are even they, after all, really essential?

Live simply from day to day, one day at a time. Don't look back, don't try to peer into the future; avoid worrying about decisions you may have to make, or ordeals you may have to face. With the passage of time, they may never arise anyway.

Accept yourself, with all your limitations, as you are; this will help you to accept other people as they are—a giant step towards breaking the cycle of tension and unhappiness, and their attendant nervous ailments. If you find that you can not tolerate certain people and they actually make you tense and irritable, try to avoid them, too.

Listen to yourself talk. Listen, particularly, to the frequency with which you talk about yourself. Involvement with yourself, your own problems (both real and imagined), is a common symptom of tension; the tension sufferer is always standing in judgment on himself, and on other people.

You'll never be completely, one hundred per cent right about almost anything, so don't try to be. The longer you live, the more you will find out that few things are either all black or all white; most of them blend into large grey tones. Stop trying to convince others that they should accept your thinking on all subjects. Be more tolerant—listen to the other person's opinion for a change. . . . Just become a spectator at the play, not a performer in it.

The mind and body, both first-rate servants, deserve to be treated humanely. Don't try to work them around the clock . . . do give them frequent, refreshing interludes of time off. Even the boss needs a "coffee break." After a major effort or accomplishment, you should lapse into a period of deliberate inactivity—ideally, of complete uselessness. Take a lesson from the bears—hibernate. What you're aiming at is an alternation of effort and relaxation . . . first one, then the other, first one, then the other. Ecclesiastes puts it superbly: "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. . . . A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away."

As everyone knows, it's the mind's job to spur the body on to greater efforts, or prepare it to meet a sudden emergency (the "fight" or "flight" reaction of primitive animals). Simply thinking about action, or the need to act, produces all sorts of physical changes—doctors call it the stress syndrome. Muscles tighten, circulation and breathing speed up, glandular changes occur—and the end result is exhaustion even if nothing is done. This process can be turned around to help the tension sufferer, who keeps himself keyed up for action all the time—or much oftener than is really appropriate—and tires himself out in the process. Simply thinking "let go," instead of "get cracking," can relieve tension: tight muscles relax, breathing slows down; rest becomes possible.

"The mind tells the body"—but the converse is also true, and relaxing the muscles in a conscious, deliberate way can help the harassed mind and nervous system to un-tense. Sometimes just stretching is relaxing. The next time you find yourself clenching your teeth, try stretching, or shrugging your shoulders, instead. . . . Don't get into bed at night, close your eyes, and permit the "newsreel" to begin in the back of your mind. Force yourself to think of pleasant things, beautiful scenes, or happy times. Or, practise consciously relaxing different sets of muscles, one after the other—first the arms, then the legs, then the chest, and so on. This technique is described in Dr. David Harold Fink's book, *Release from Nervous Tension*, published by Simon and Schuster, and available in paperback. Another helpful book is Jacobson's *You Must Relax* (McGraw-Hill Book Company).

Sports and outdoor exercise that you enjoy can also, of course, be enormously therapeutic—but the key word here is "enjoy." The activity should be non-competitive; preferably involve no stopwatch timing, no scorekeeping, no win-or-lose factor; and should have no end other than pure enjoyment. . . . For example: if you like horseback riding, and are able to indulge your liking, it can be a first-rate way of relaxing. But if you feel you *have* to ride for a certain length of time every morning because the horse needs exercising, it becomes an obligation—and therefore a possible tension producer.

If the exercise is to be therapeutic, the only permissible form of competition is with the elements and not with people: thus, swimming, jogging, bicycling, and gymnastic exercising are all on the approved list. On the very top of the list is probably the simplest, cheapest, and most accessible sport of all—walking. It may well be the most effective way of discharging tension there is. There's only one "but" about it, which is that walking in a tense, abstracted way, worrying about the past and planning for the future, will obviously get you nowhere. . . . One must walk in a carefree spirit, open to new experiences and sensations.

If you are fortunate enough to be walking in the country, be

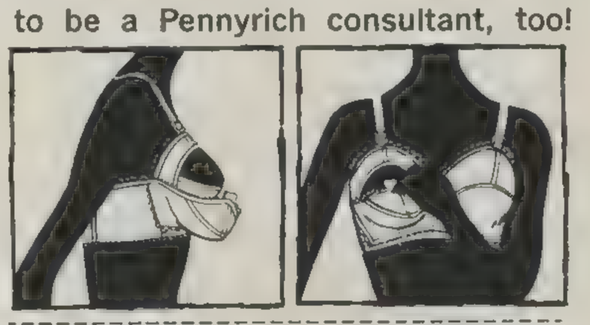
(Continued on page 263)



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1. Each entrant must be graduated during the scholastic year 1968-1969, but prior to September 1969, and must receive the Bachelor of Arts degree or its equivalent from a college or university within the United States.

2. Each entrant must submit the following enrollment details by October 21, 1968: name, college, address at college, home address, date of graduation, degree.

3. No entrant may be in any way connected with The Condé Nast Publications Inc., nor related to any of its employees.

4. There will be a first- and second-place winner. The first-place winner will receive a year's job with Vogue as a Junior Editor and will accompany the Vogue Editors to Paris to cover one of the Paris Collections during this year. The second-place winner will receive a six-months' job with Vogue as a Junior Editor. There will be ten Honourable Mention winners, each of whom will receive a $50 United States Savings Bond and top consideration for jobs on any Condé Nast magazine.

5. The 28th Prix de Paris consists of a quiz to be answered by all contestants, and a thesis which those who pass the quiz will be eligible to submit. Each entrant who is eligible to submit a thesis will be notified by Vogue by December 16, 1968.

6. Quiz and thesis will require answers to questions on fashion and beauty, and on non-fashion subjects (books, movies, art, theatre, music, personalities, et cetera).

7. The quiz appears here. Answers are due on October 21, 1968. Subjects for the thesis will be published in the January 1, 1969 issue of Vogue. The thesis will be due on February 3, 1969. Although questions in the quiz and thesis are editorial in nature and are based in part on material in Vogue, it is not necessary to subscribe to the magazine to enter the competition.

8. Papers will be graded on writing ability, grasp of subject, general intelligence, originality, and demonstration of special talents.

9. All material submitted must be typewritten double-spaced on one side of the page, on 8½ by 11 inch paper. Your name, plus the quiz question numbers, must appear at the top of each page. Please number each page. All material submitted becomes the property of The Condé Nast Publications Inc., and will not be returned. (Entrants are urged to keep copies of all material submitted.)

10. The judges of the competition will be a board of Vogue Editors, and their decision will be final. Any dispute that may arise as a result of the determination of the contest shall be adjudicated solely under the laws of the State of New York. Judges reserve the right to hold personal interviews with the finalists before selecting winners. Winners of Vogue's 28th Prix de Paris will be notified by April 14, 1969.

Prix de Paris Quiz

Answer ALL questions in this section.

1. Write a profile of yourself. (500 words or less)

2. Write a beauty biography of yourself or someone you know well. Include full details about looks, diet, exercise (and this may mean tennis or swimming rather than more formal exercise routines), makeup, hair, fragrance, et cetera. If you think it relevant, name specific products used. (400 words or less)

3. Describe three things in your present wardrobe that you love to own, love to wear. Then choose three fashions shown in August 1 Vogue that you would urge next year's seniors to own and wear; state briefly the reasons for your choices. (200 words or less)

Answer THREE questions in this section.

4. Select three names you think would be right for the full-page photograph and caption for Vogue's "People Are Talking About..." feature. Write appropriate captions explaining who each person is, why he or she is of current interest. (300 words or less)

5. What person in public life, or in your own private circle of friends, has had the greatest influence on your fashion point of view? Explain why and how. (300 words or less)

6. In each issue, Vogue turns an editorial "Spotlight" on some of the following fields: Books, Movies, Theatre, Television, Art, Pop Music, The Underground, Money, Education. Write your own column of timely commentary on one of these topics. (500 words or less)

7. You are a copywriter assigned to prepare a fashion advertisement for a store to run in its local newspaper. Select any fashion from the editorial pages of August 1 Vogue as the one to be advertised, and designate the page on which it appears. Write a headline for the advertisement and appropriate copy.

Your quiz and enrollment are due on October 21, 1968 at the latest. Please send them to:

Prix de Paris Director, Vogue,
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Her Own Thing

(Continued from page 246)

1967, where she majored in government, she has spent five months doing research for Truman Capote's film documentary *Death Row U.S.A.*, campaigned for Senator Robert Kennedy at his New York headquarters, and now has a job with an advertising agency.

"At school I was never top of the class and never wanted to be. Bright girls weren't all that popular. But now at work it's rather scary; one *has* to be bright, that's what you're there for; you either contribute or get out. In these past few months I have met so many *really* clever young people, people with ideas and backgrounds different from mine; and *they* accept me." Kitty Hawks says this with considerable naïveté, one of the ingredients in her character-mixture of jeune fille and sophisticated girl, of romantic and pragmatist. She is at once full of consuming enthusiasm and cool patronage.

"When I first joined the agency, my job was not really defined—there isn't a training program, since everyone has been hired because of his ability and knowledge, and so they put me to work for two weeks in each department to see how things worked, and what was happening. Now I'm in the research department, I think fairly permanently, working on a fascinating project that makes use of my college course in government. Seeing the Kennedy campaign being put together was far from learning the theory of how a bill gets through Congress."

The other happy basic in Kitty Hawks's life is her apartment, off Fifth Avenue in the Sixties, that she and her mother bought in 1967. "I take care of it myself," she said, "and each week thoroughly clean it." The apartment invites relaxation; and only someone young, imaginative, and slightly scatty could live there. It is sparked by the expression of her tastes, by the idiosyncratic arrangements of the special objects she has collected. Her bathroom, iced-and-frosted white, green, and blue, looks, with its tall frondy waving plants, like a conservatory. It suggests luxury and leisure, "because," said Kitty Hawks, "a big livable bathroom filled with freshness is important." The apartment, like its occupant, harbours surprises—an old inlaid Victorian sewing box, its compartments filled with shells, buttons, and beads; needlepoint spilling out of a gardening basket; the pattern made by a poster of the Stars and Stripes pinned on patterned wallpaper—and a large, lowering painting of a nude (lent to her by a friend) lends a dotty, satisfying incongruity to the airy blue and white living room.

Most surprising of all, the sudden emergence from behind embroidered cushions of the yawning pink mouths of two colossal cats. "Tiffany and Harry Winston," she said as they leaped at her. "Tiffany came first: I called him that because I thought Tiffany was a lovely name for such a ratty cat; and when the second one came, I called him Harry Winston, because he looked less like something from Harry Winston than anything I've ever seen."

Kitty Hawks likes having friends around to dinner, or for drinks, or simply to talk, as long as they don't expect formality or great long meals. "I like those who accept me as I am. I don't need a general population in my life. I was brought up with people in the arts and in the theatre and I enjoy them, find them stimulating. They know what they're talking about and get to where my mind is. I hate people having preconceived notions about me, of thinking, before they meet me, that they know exactly what I *must* be like. I suppose eventually there will be marriage, but at the moment I'm so delighted with new things and new people that I don't want anything else. I haven't an ambition but I am ambitious. I can put it like this: that—if, to illustrate what I mean, I make the goal of ambition, say, the Presidency—well, then, I *don't* want to be President. But I *do* want to be essential to whoever is."

More than skin deep

(Continued from page 261)

an amateur Thoreau. Pick a beautiful, wooded area and study the trees, the flowers, the intimate small animal and insect life . . . follow a stream and study the life along its banks. Become a bird watcher: at the same time, enjoy watching the blue sky, the changing cloud formations and the horizon. If you are in the city, walk in the nearest park. If the city streets are your only recourse, study the people, look in the shop windows, enjoy the ebb and flow of the life, and forget those little things that seem to annoy you so much. In a week or a month, you won't be able to remember what they were all about anyway.

A hobby—almost anything that you find amusing or enjoyable—can also be an excellent tension reliever. . . . Ideally, it should involve manual skills, use the small muscles of the hands and eyes, and have some creative aspect. Painting or photography, playing a musical instrument, gardening with your own hands, doing needlepoint or book-binding—all are good. So is cooking, if you can do it in a leisurely, creative sort of way.

But the tense person, with his history of perfectionism and competitiveness, must beware of getting too professional about his hobby: exhibiting his paintings, giving a piano recital, competing for first prize at the flower show. This may restore all the elements of tension that the hobby was designed to remove. The expression, "A jack of all trades and a master of none," should not be used in a derogatory fashion by the tense individual. When it comes to hobbies, he is better off being a jack, rather than a master.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This brief review of tension and its relationship to skin problems is not intended to certify you as an expert in self-analysis or as an "instant psychiatrist." It is designed to advance some helpful suggestions for the relief of tension and anxiety—but if you can't help yourself, seek professional guidance.*



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Grande Amoureuse

(Continued from page 175)

fear, in which every risk is taken unquestioningly, and all of life is accepted as calmly as it is by the flowers that come into blossom in due season.

We, who are not like them, carry written across our faces the story of all our small apprehensions, our desires to be thought well of, our precautionary hedgings, our craven evasions and, above all, our secret longings to be someone else, richer, better at foreign languages and mathematics, more sensible, with longer legs, narrower hips, and more friends. When we look in the glass we see an uncouth stranger usurping our place—but they do not. They have the courage to live with what they are and to rejoice in it: This courage is what shines out of their faces and their bodies, and it is the gift they have to give to those of their lovers who are men enough to take it.

Not many of them are happy, and there is, indeed, no guarantee of happiness in the possession of beauty or in beauty's ability to love wholeheartedly and without reserve. Men are afraid of perfection and of absolutes, and they are apt to be frightened of women who are embodiments of the goddess of love. They grow faint under the burden of a happiness too intense and a generosity that is unquestioning and undemanding.

There is something at once a little enigmatic and a little sad, consequently, in the smile of the grande amoureuse. She knows that the man she has briefly transformed into an immortal will presently crave his mortality back again. It is not in many men to sustain a passion for any length of time, or to live comfortably on the level of a natural force or as the embodiment of the masculine principle. The trivial and the measurable have an irresistible appeal for him. He does not want to give himself wholeheartedly or absolutely to anybody or anything. He wants to be reasonably in love and reasonably committed, and to have his hands free most of the time, for his games, his money-making, and his machine-making. So, no matter how deeply this woman has moved him, there almost always comes a moment, sooner or later, when he is heard saying plaintively, "Now let's be realistic, for heaven's sake," or, "After all, darling, sex isn't everything. . . ."

Soon after that he will have descended from the stars to go back to his own world, where the clocks measure out the hours of the day, meals are served and eaten at set times, and love, knowing its place, stays at home waiting for him to get back from the office. She does not loathe him for his failure or think of him as betraying her. She has always known since the very beginning that gods were short-lived and that only the goddess is eternal. Her courage enables her to live unflinchingly with this knowledge, which is, after all, only another aspect of the way things are, but it darkens the bright gleam of her radiance with a hint of the tragic, perhaps accounts for the fact that she is almost always a dark-haired woman with the shadow of night in her eyes.

Comedy

(Continued from page 260)

of touch. I'm gone. Something else has taken over." That's why I love to see the success of a shapely play—because I think it will encourage other people to write them. I like form, I like shape, I like design.

Pause.

I like to think the playwright did *some* work before I got there.

GUERNSEY *(glancing once again at the photo on the mantel)*: You know, Shaw in his time wondered, "Who cares for comedy today? Who knows what it is?"

MRS. KERR: *Yes.* Well, goodnight, everybody.

BURROWS: Goodnight.

SIMON: Goodnight.

GOLDMAN: Goodnight.

FEIFFER: Goodnight, all.

GUERNSEY: And thank you.

The greyhounds fall silent over their mangled rabbit. End of discussion.

Contact lenses

(Continued from page 236)

cornea. In this bulge the wearer put a prescribed fluid; the layer of liquid in combination with the ground glass holding it in place formed the actual lens. With plastic, it was possible to make a lens which touched only two-thirds of the cornea, where it floated on the layer of tears which always lubricates our eyes, held there by capillary attraction. Because they were so thin and did not bulge, corneal lenses were far easier to get used to, and contacts passed from rarity to commonplace.

But many spectacle wearers still hover on the brink, agreeing that the idea of contacts is marvellous—"But how marvellous would they be for *me?* Exactly who can wear them?"

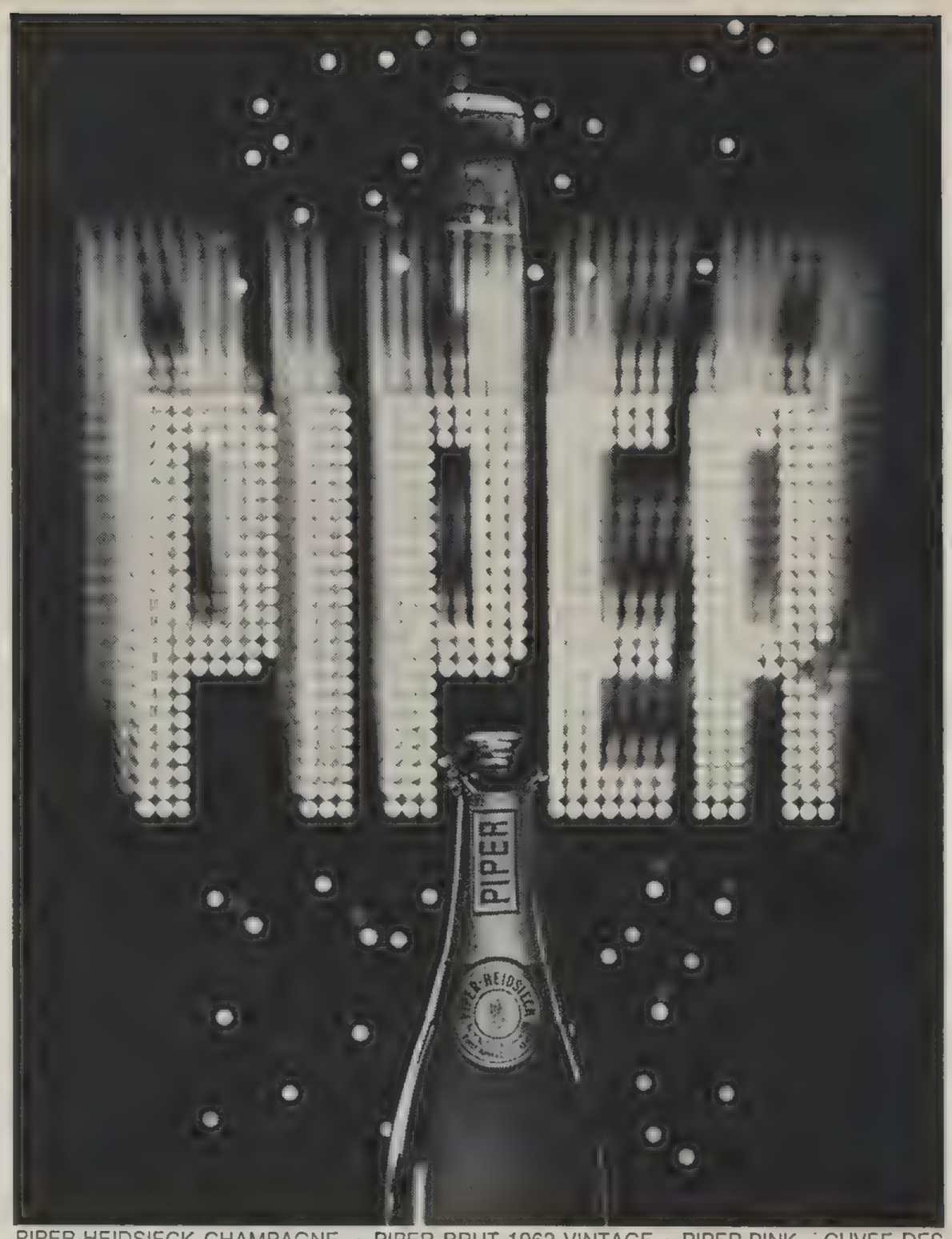
One answer is: 90% of the people who try. There are a few eye diseases which will not permit the wearing of contacts (though on the other side of the ledger, contacts give vision to sufferers from other eye ailments who get little or no sight through conventional spectacles) and some physical conditions such as severe anaemia and diabetes. Except for these, the chief block to wearing contacts is psychological. All professional people in the field agree that *motivation* is the key to successful wear. For this reason, teen-agers have great success with them (2,000,000 people under 19 wear contacts); adolescent self-consciousness about appearance works in their favour. Women, as one might suspect, are more successful in wearing them than men—or at least more women *are* wearing them—probably because of their concern with beauty. Glasses do little for the feminine image, while a man's concept of his masculinity may even be enhanced by them—he feels he looks a thoughtful and substantial fellow.

If you are considering contacts, probably the most basic and primitive questions you would like to ask are: Do they hurt? And: How long does it take to get used to them?

Instinctively, every human being shrinks from the thought of a foreign body in the eye. We all remember vividly the agony of a tiny grain of soot or even an eyelash in the eye—how on earth will we be able to stand a disc half the size of a dime? The answer to this is that the lens is formed to fit the individual eye to the micromillimetre, and it is made of a smooth substance with some give to it and no rough edges—unlike the other intruders we have experienced. Also, you may be surprised to learn that what feels the foreign substance so sharply is not the eye itself, but the inside of the eyelid. The surface of the contact touching the lid is smooth, and the plastic somewhat resilient and the lid soon learns to take it for granted. It is true that there is a period of adjustment while the lids get used to this new feel; the average duration of this period is from two to four weeks. During it, you may experience blurred vision, haloes around objects, burning or itching sensations, tear-ing from excessive fluids in the eye, red or swollen lids, bloodshot whites, blinking (increased or decreased), and tilting of the head in ways not natural to you—but while these add up to a formidable picture of discomfort when listed one after the other in this way, for the most part they last only briefly, and seldom happen all at the same time or to the same patient. One doctor told us: "I compare getting used to contact lenses to the experience of somebody who's just come out of the Tennessee woods and begun wearing shoes. He's got to start in slowly, but once he's worn them a while, he won't know he has them on his feet."

The adventure of contact lenses begins with a visit to an expert in fitting them. He may be an optometrist or an ophthalmologist; the former is not a medical doctor but has been trained to measure eye defects and prescribe corrective lenses; the latter has a medical degree and specializes in diagnosis and treatment of diseases of the eye. Whichever you choose, it is important to know that this man has specific competence in the fitting of contact lenses, which is an altogether different process from the fitting of ordinary

(Continued on page 267)



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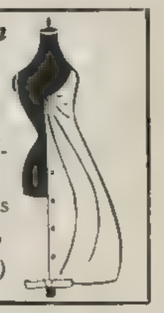
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Contact lenses

(Continued from page 265)

glasses. How can you find such a man? A good place to begin is by calling the nearest large hospital with a department of ophthalmology and asking for a referral to a contact lens specialist.

What will your lenses cost? $200 to $300 is an approximate range. The reason this price is so much higher than the cost of spectacles is that it includes not only your lenses but a series of subsequent checkups to assure proper fit, comfort, and correction. Most of what you pay for is the expert's time.

When you go for your preliminary examination, the visit will begin like a routine examination for glasses: you will sit in the examining chair with the sample lens frame on your nose, reading from eye charts while the doctor drops in sample lenses and asks which gives you best vision. When your optimum correction with conventional lenses has been established, the doctor will select a pair of sample contacts for you to try. He will ask you to stare at the tip of his finger on which the tiny lens rests, hold your lids apart with your fingers, and before you know it he has popped in the lens, then its mate and—eureka! you can see! At first some cloudiness, perhaps, but through it, you can see as you've never seen since childhood, or perhaps as you've never seen in your life, with corrected vision that does not stop at the frontier of glasses frames but extends for the whole sweep of your eye, vision straight ahead and peripheral too.

To determine the exact correction you need from these sample lenses, the doctor will drop a fluid into your eyes which turns phosphorescent under special light; this will enable him to tell by relative brightness and darkness where the lens is properly curved and where it fails to touch the layer of tear. From his observations, he prescribes individual lenses for you, which are then made up to specification.

On your next visit he will be ready with your very own lenses. This time you put them in yourself. First, wash your hands thoroughly (he cautions you to do this each time you insert the lenses); then moisten the first lens in commercial moistening fluid, balance it on a forefinger, pull apart the lids, and staring into the lens, pop it in. Now the other, and the doctor again puts the drops in your eye to check the fit. Now he tells you to pull up the outer corner of your eye, and the lens falls out. If there are no further changes to be made, you are now ready to begin your program of wear, progressing from shorter to longer periods each day. These may vary between individuals, or between doctors, but will go something like this: one hour of wear today, two tomorrow, and so on until two weeks later when you go back for a checkup, you will (with margin for human accident) be up to something like fourteen hours each day. Do *not*, he will warn you, exceed the prescribed wearing time, no matter how comfortable the lenses feel. Overdoing can lead to eye irritation, and you could have to give your eyes a rest and start the whole procedure over.

Your doctor will also give you instructions about caring for your lenses. They are tiny and hard to find if dropped, so he'll warn you to put them in and remove them over a surface on which they'll show up if dropped, say a white towel on your lap. (Many contacts are made with a slight tint just so they *will* show up.) He will advise that when you are able to wear them for longer periods, you take them out and rinse them several times a day, leaving them out for a half-hour period. You must use a soft substance for drying them—like tissue, not paper towelling, which can scratch. Many contact wearers have a habit of moistening their lenses with saliva when it is not convenient to dip them in moistening fluid, but doctors warn that this is unsafe as well as unhygienic, since bacteria from the mouth and throat can be transferred to the eyes.

Next you take your lenses home and begin your schedule of daily wear. Although you may feel terribly conscious of them at first, your mirror will tell you that others won't know you have



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them on. Some of the things you may feel are pressure against the lids, blurriness of vision or halo effects around objects; excess tear-ing may make your nose stuffy, and you may find yourself tired or headachy after your daily period of wear. One handbook for lens wearers gives this sensible advice if you should feel any of these symptoms are too severe or long-lasting: when in doubt, take them out. Report anything you think is abnormal to your practitioner.

Once you have grown used to the lenses, how long can you expect to wear them daily? A high percentage of wearers uses them all day long, and the average is somewhere between ten and twelve hours. When can you *not* wear them? In very smoke-filled rooms, during the hay fever season if you are allergic, while you have a cold or other upper respiratory infection, possibly during pregnancy and menopause. But none of these is an absolute —some wearers are able to continue through any or all of these.

Contacts should *never* be worn to bed, or under the sun lamp, or on the beach—any place where you will be in danger of dozing off; it's too easy to rub your eyes unconsciously when asleep. While awake, too, you will learn to avoid rubbing your eyes or resting your face heavily on your hand, which may cause a lens to fall out accidentally. What about swimming or active sports? Corneal contacts are not good for these; if active sports play an important part in your life, you will want the scleral lenses, which are larger and more securely fixed in the eye. Scleral lenses today are of the "ventilated" type which make use of the layer of tears, just as the corneal type does, instead of the prescription fluid in a bulging corneal area. You can wear corneal contacts in the bath or shower; when you wash your face with them in, you'll simply learn to blot, not scrub. Don't wear them in beauty salons or while using nail polish remover yourself—remover fumes can damage the plastic, as can some hair sprays or dryer heat.

How about eye makeup? The answer is yes—that's half the fun—but with judicious selection. The lenses are inserted before making up the eyes begins (and how nice it will be to be able to see what you're doing without rubbing your nose in the mirror for a change). Avoid anything oily, because if it comes in contact with the lens it will cause blurring—then you'll have to take the lens out to clean it and begin all over. Waterproof mascara is recommended rather than greasy or flaky kinds; powder and foundation should be applied carefully with the eyes closed—touch-ups can complete the job afterwards, with care not to smear towards the eyes. Hair spray, on the other hand, goes on first.

How about tinted contacts? Are they useful as sunglasses, and can you change the colour of your eyes with them? Actually the nuisance of removing and replacing them makes it impractical to have contacts tinted deeply enough to reduce glare without making indoor vision poor. Doctors advocate wearing ordinary non-prescription sunglasses out of doors if you need them when wearing your lenses. As for changing eye colour, there are opaque lenses which can change even dark eyes to lighter colours, but vision is considerably reduced to a small clear opening in the middle of the lens; for this reason only actors and actresses or models get much use from the opaque kind of lens. Light-coloured eyes can be changed by the use of tinted but translucent lenses.

What is it like to go back to glasses after a period of wearing contacts? You may have an adjustment period to the glasses lasting up to a few hours, but if it continues longer, consult your doctor. Contact lenses actually affect the shape of the cornea by their slight pressure; when they are removed the cornea gradually resumes its original shape.

Contact lenses seldom need changes of prescription. Some specialists maintain they actually arrest changes in the eye; others think that the fact that the lens is formed of both the plastic and the layer of tears under it means that it adjusts to the changes in the cornea that make changes in vision, and that if the wearer returned to glasses, the prescription for these would be found to have undergone expected changes. But it remains true that contacts which have been prescribed for young children often need no changes in prescription in spite of the growth of the child. Contacts have been worn very early indeed, by infants born with cataracts and continue to be used successfully during the entire span of life, some patients having their first experience with them after cataract operations in their eighties.

What about bifocal wearers? Here we come to a conflict of experts: one of the ones we consulted reported success, and the other failure, with patients who tried bifocal contacts. Bifocals *are* manufactured, of two kinds: one with concentric circles of differing prescriptions for distance and for close work; the other with the reading area at the bottom of the lens (like bifocal spectacles) which is slightly weighted to hold it in position. The ophthalmologist who reported he had had little success with the bifocal contacts advocated the use of reading glasses over distance contacts.

It's easy to list *Don'ts* of contact lens wear; much harder to give words to their advantages. How to describe simply the best vision you have ever experienced —not straight-ahead vision through glass window panes in frames, but a new kind of liberated vision including the whole sweep of the eye? But possibly even more important is the change in your self-image—the new sense of you. No longer are you a woman who sneaks glasses out of her purse for a quick look to see if she knows anyone in the room (feeling rather as if she were taking a quick nip from a pocket flask); no longer must you squint desperately to probe the furry distance; no longer do you need to hide behind the glass wall which you've always felt (haven't you really, secretly?) as some kind of barrier to human contact; no longer do you have doubts about how your eye makeup really looks; you're out in the open, escaped from your glass house, you're yourself, seeing and being seen.

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